Camera Assassin III

TELEPHONE AND COMPUTER HACKING U.K. / U.S.A.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

Confessions of a gutter press photojournalist

ASSASSIN PUBLICATIONS
icutler@hotmail.com
07949 896121

BLOW JOBS, WHORES, AND FAKE FRONT PAGES AT THE NEWS OF THE WORLD - PAEDOPHILIA STUART KUTTNER UN-MASKED All involving Rupert»s management

RUPERT MURDOCH
JAMES MURDOCH

'IT'S ONLY FU**ING ENTERTAINMENT ANYWAY!'

"Sue me if you dare" says snapper who knows too much.

PAEDOPHILIA
RAY CAHPMAN

AIDS
TREVOR KEMPSON

PAEDOPHILIA
CLIVE COOKE

A sensational expose of the British Press

The Camera Assassin III

Confessions of a gutter press photojournalist.

WARNING - Contains strong language and nudity - Adults only.

A book by Ian Cutler (author)
& Jack Cox (editor)

(C) 2004/ 2006 / 2012
Ian Cutler & Jack Cox

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Deepest appreciation to
My Sister Fran,
My Cousin Nic,
Eddie Chapman,
My friend Bobby McKew,
My dearest friend Pauline.

All the press-cuttings can be viewed, full sized, on our website:
http://www.cameraassassin.co.uk/

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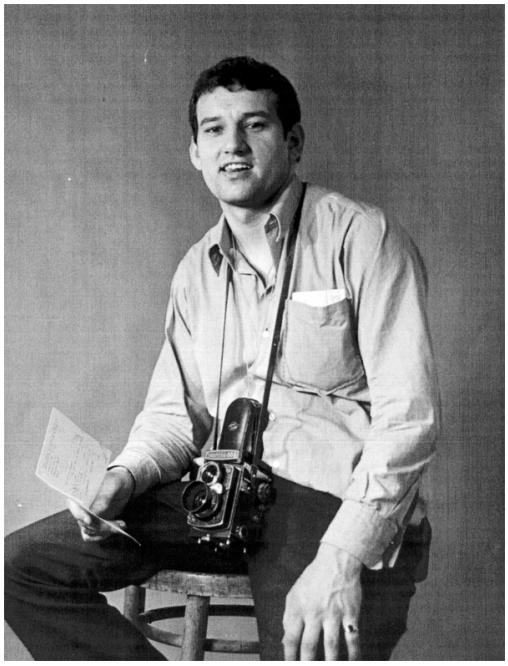
About The Author

My name is Ian Cutler. Now in my late 60s with little remaining of my career, other than an explosive inside knowledge of the newspaper industry and the many famous names exposed by it,

In this book I reveal all about the sleazy, dirt digging and dishonest goings on within the media business. The general public would not believe how many news stories are fake, and how many sex and sleaze activities exposed by the press were regularly indulged in by the very same journalists who blew the lid on them.



Ian Cutler as a young photographer

Is it any wonder that journalists are now rated by the general public on the same low footing as lawyers, the police, politicians and pornographers? In this book I name and shame many of the sleazy journalists and photographers involved, of which I was one. This is no mere speculation or hearsay. I was there, I was right there in the middle of it. This is my first hand account of the despicable activities at the News of the World, Daily Mirror, The Sun and other publications for which I worked for many years. I need to get this off my chest while I still can.

Sir Horace Walter Cutler OBE

I was born Ian Garnett Cutler in November 1944, in Caledonian Road, London N7. My cousin was Sir Horace Walter Cutler OBE (28 July 1912 - 2 March 1997), one time Leader of the Greater London Council. He married a former prostitute a quarter of his age, lucky bugger.

I have always alleged that Sir Horace Cutler conned my father out of a substantial legacy due from my grandfather. As a result, my family were poor and I was brought up on a council housing estate. Sir Horace lived in luxury for the whole of his life, until he died in 1997. His illegitimate son (mother was fucking the chauffeur) inherited the family fortune which I have always alleged was, in part at least, due to my family.

I first became interested in photography at the age of nine, when a lorry overturned outside my family home. I photographed the incident on my Brownie box camera and sold the pictures (pics or pix in the jargon) to the Islington Gazette for what was a very large sum of money for a kid.

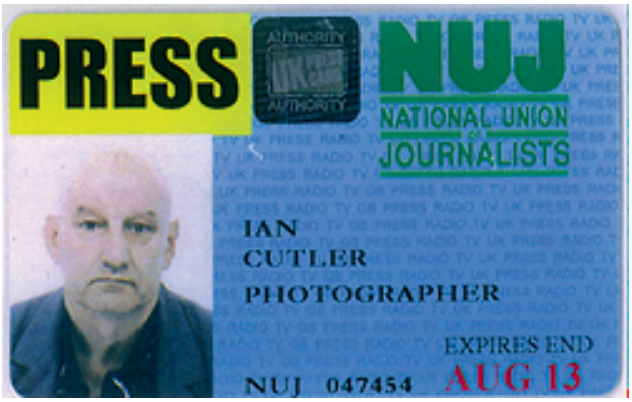
I left school at 15 and became a beach photographer in Bognor Regis, working for two lesbians, where I met a man called Liam who showed me the ropes and later got me a job as a photographer at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. It wasn't for me and I only stayed a few weeks. Later that year I took up wedding photography. I took to the profession like a duck to water and pretty soon was making a good living as a freelance press photographer during the weekdays and a wedding photographer at weekends. Both careers combined when the bridegroom at the wedding I was photographing was shot dead by local gangsters. A News Agency sold the pictures to 30 newspapers worldwide and I became a teenage press photographer star, with assignments flowing in on a regular basis.

My career was rudely interrupted by a five year prison sentence, which I served in Maidstone, Albany, Pentonville, Wormwood Scrubs and Wandsworth prisons.

The incident which initiated the prison sentence resembled a Laurel and Hardy movie. A waiter in one of London's many Chinese restaurants spilled a plate of soup on my lap, ruining my suit. I got up to walk out and the Chinese owner stopped me, insisting that I pay for the soup I never ate. I said I would pay for the soup as long as the owner paid for my ruined suit. I was then karate chopped to the ground for my trouble, I again attempted to leave but was kung fu'd to the floor on a number of occasions. When I eventually managed to get out I vowed that the restaurant would have to go.

So I paid someone to burn the restaurant down in the early hours of the following morning. As I had threatened to burn it down during the hot soup incident the previous evening, the police managed to convict me of arson and I was sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years in jail. I was not a model prisoner and served two extra years. During my long spell in jail, I used prison libraries to further my education.

Upon release, I resumed my career as a star press photographer, spending much of the next eighteen years specialising in photographic exposes for the 'News of the World', where I earned my nickname “The Camera Assassin”.



My NUJ Press Card

I left the “News of the Screws” as the paper was often affectionately known, with a golden handshake and started my own publications - “Scallywag”, “Private Spy” and “Action News” - specialising in exposing dirty deeds and the sexual indiscretions of the rich, famous and influential.

Despite the most revealing and intimate exposes, no one ever sued me for defamation. But then “Truth” is the ultimate defence against libel.

During this period I discovered that a senior police officer was a drug addict and was also involved with the underworld in drug dealing. My knowledge ensured that I became a target of both the police and the underworld. The law was used against me and I soon found myself under arrest. No charge was ever laid against me but during my time in the cells I was badly beaten up by the police. I suffered a stroke which greatly reduced the use of my right arm and leg, effectively ending my career as a photo-journalist. I sued the Metropolitan Police and won and was awarded a substantial amount in damages.

I then bought a pub, the Cap't Cutler, near Fleet Street where the newspaper business was located. Many of my journalist buddies used it and business was great. In 2000 I agreed to sell the pub for a million pounds, but the underworld stepped in and demanded 50,000 of it or they would burn the building down. I told them to "fuck off". Within 24 hours my pub was burnt down with me inside. I managed to make a miraculous escape. I sold what was now vacant land for a miserly sum and went to Thailand.

Read on to discover what was really happening in Fleet Street and the truth behind many of the sensational (faked) stories. I promise it will open your eyes.

10 DOWNING STREET
LONDON SW1A 2AA

From the Direct Communications Unit 22 December 2004

Mr Ian G Cutler
3 Maud Wilkes Close
London
NW5 2QQ

Dear Mr Cutler

The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for sending him the books entitled 'The Camera Assassin'.

Yours sincerely

Yours sincerely

SUSAN JAMES

Letter from the prime minister's office

The Main Characters

Ian Cutler: Professional Photographer for the News of the World is a convicted Arsonist. Also worked for: The Telegraph, Sun, Mirror, Mail, Express, Times, ITV News, BBC News.

Rupert Murdoch. (Keith Rupert Murdoch, AC, KSG) was born on the 11th March 1931 in Victoria, Australia. He is the founder, Chairman and CEO of News Corporation, the world's second-largest media conglomerate. Murdoch became managing director of News Limited, inherited from his father, in 1952. In the 1950s and '60s, he acquired various newspapers in Australia and New Zealand, before expanding into the United Kingdom in 1969, taking over the News of the World followed closely by The Sun. He moved to New York in 1974 to expand into the US market and became a naturalised US citizen in 1985. In 1981, he bought The Times, his first British broadsheet.

In 1986, keen to adopt newer electronic publishing technologies, he consolidated his UK printing operations in Wapping, causing bitter industrial disputes. His News Corporation acquired Twentieth Century Fox (1985), HarperCollins (1989)[10] and The Wall Street Journal (2007). He formed BSkyB in 1990 and during the 1990s expanded into Asian networks and South American television. By 2000 Murdoch's News Corporation owned over 800 companies in more than 50 countries with a net worth of over $5 billion.

In July 2011 Murdoch faced allegations that his papers, including the News of the World, had been regularly hacking the phones of celebrities, royalty and public citizens. He faced police and government investigations into bribery and corruption in the UK and FBI investigations in the US.

Eddie Chapman (16 November 1914 - 11 December 1997) Received the “Iron Cross” by Hitler for services rendered. Eddie was a Convicted Felon who later became a war hero. After serving with the Coldstream Guards in the 1930s, Chapman deserted and became a safecracker with London West End gangs, spending several stretches in jail for these crimes. The gangs utilized gelignite to gain entry to safes, leading Chapman and his associates to be known as the "Jelly Gang." He had affairs with a number of women on the fringes of London high society and then allegedly blackmailed them with photographs taken by an accomplice.

Well along into his criminal career he was arrested in Scotland and charged with blowing up the safe of the headquarters of the Edinburgh Co-operative Society. Let out on bail, he fled to Jersey in the Channel Islands where he attempted unsuccessfully to continue his crooked ways. Chapman had been dining with his lover and future fiancée Betty Farmer at the Hotel de la Plage immediately before his arrest and made a spectacular exit through the dining room window (which was shut at the time) when he saw undercover police coming to arrest him for crimes on the mainland. It was later that same night, unbelievably, that he committed the slapdash burglary for which he had to immediately begin serving two years in a Jersey prison. This proved to be an ironic twist of fate which ultimately spared him at least 14 more years imprisonment in a mainland prison afterwards.

In the second word war Eddie became a daring double agent. The 1966 film Triple Cross was based on Chapman's Biography, written by Chapman and Frank Owen. The film was directed by Terence Young who had known Chapman before the war. Chapman's character was played by Christopher Plummer. The film was only loosely based on reality and Chapman was disappointed with it. In his autobiography, Plummer said that Chapman was to have been a technical adviser on the film but the French authorities would not allow him in the country because he was still wanted over an alleged plot to kidnap the Sultan of Morocco.

Barry Askew. (13 December 1936 - 16 April 2012) was appointed as editor of the the News of the World In April 1981. His further claim to fame was the blow job the Ripper's wife gave him in his office when interviewing her for a press story. In early December he came into conflict with the Queen after claiming that if Princess Diana felt harassed by press photographers she should send a servant out to shop for her. At the end of the month he left the newspaper and spent the rest of his career in various short-term provincial posts.

Sir Nicholas Lloyd. (born 9th June 1942) editor of the Sunday People 1982-1983, editor of the News of the World 1984-1985, and editor of the Daily Express 1986-1995. He was a lover of blow jobs from female staff in Ian Cutler's 'Animal's Room'.

Derek Jameson (born 29th November 1929 in London). His career began in Fleet Street, as a messenger boy, before becoming managing editor of the Daily Mirror newspaper, editor of The Daily Express March 1977 - 1980, editor of The Daily Express March 1977 - 1980 and Editor of the News of the World 1981-1984.

Dirty John. Well known cocaine addict and porno star. He used to star in many of Ian Cutler's and Ray Chapman's scams for the New of the World.

PETER EARLE SAID TO ME:
"TREVOR HAS GOT AIDS"

Trevor Kempson. Former chief Features Writer for News of the World and Bondage Aficionado. In the December of 1990 he died of AIDS, contracted from a prostitute in a brothel he was exposing in a press story!

RON MOUNT SAID:
"TREVOR HAS GOT AIDS"

Ray Chapman. Was a journalist who joined the News of the World in 1981. He was a well known cocaine addict and convicted felon. He married a former prostitute and was an aficionado of anal sex with prostitutes. Chapman retired from the paper in September 2007 and died on New Year's Eve that same year at the age of 71.

Gerry Brown was born in the Gorbals, the son of a gunner in the Royal Scots Fusiliers. As a teenager he joined the Air Training Corps. A motorbike accident put paid to an RAF flying career. He then became a copy boy on Glasgow's Daily Record and then landed a job at the East London News Agency. He later became a journalist at the News of the World and America's National Enquirer. He was a two bottles of Scotch a day man, Super Stud and Lover of Tina Dalgleish. He regularly 'created' published stories. 'Idi Amin Eating His Subjects Brains for Breakfast' is an example. He was banned from the USA for Credit Card Fraud. He used to milk Chris Robinson, now a well known psychic and former brothel owner, for stories!!! Gerry died at the age of 60

Clive Cook. Well known cocaine addict and former Journalist at the News of the World. He fucked anything that moved, including prostitutes and transvestites. He faked stories like there was no tomorrow.

Phil Wrack. Deputy Editor of the News of the World until 1998. He loved nothing more than to get pissed during lunch time and expose himself to 'News of the Screws' secretaries. He died aged 71.

Wendy Henry. In the 1970s she was given a six month trial with the Daily Mail, but was not given a permanent position. Instead she worked as a freelance and later joined the features department of the News of the World where she was a low job specialist to Sir Nicholas Lloyd and Phil Wrack (and she swallows it)!! Wendy later became features editor of Woman. She then became series editor of The Sun, followed by a stint as woman's editor, then assistant editor (features). During the Falklands War, when she heard that the General Belgrano had been sunk, she joked "Gotcha!", which was used by editor Kelvin MacKenzie as a famous Sun headline. In 1983, she was suspended for two weeks after fabricating an interview with Falklands veteran Simon Weston. She was the first journalist to report that Princess Margaret was having a relationship with Roddy Llewellyn.

Wendy Henry was then promoted to editor of the News of the World's Sunday magazine, before being appointed editor of the newspaper in 1987. In 1988, Wendy was appointed editor of the Sunday People where she was able to have more input into the leading articles. While there, she became known for publishing controversial pictures, including victims of the Sioux City air crash, an ailing Sammy Davis Jr and a seven-year-old Prince William urinating in public. Following the publication of the last two photographs (especially the Prince William one), she was fired. In 1990 she moved to the United States to become editor of The Globe.

Tina Dalgleish. Former Journalist at the News of the World and Blow Job Specialist in Ian Cutler's 'Animal's Room'. She was also the girlfriend of Trevor Kempson who later died of AIDS.

Kelvin MacKenzie (born 22nd October 1946 in South London) Kelvin McKenzie is best known for being editor of The Sun newspaper between 1981 and 1994. He is less famous in his role as a pussy licking specialist. He left school with one O-level in English literature. He joined the South East London Mercury at 17, and worked on local and then national newspapers, such as the Daily Express for the next ten years.

MacKenzie stated that he discovered early on in his career that he had little writing ability and that his talents lay in making up headlines and laying out pages. By 1978, at the age of 32, he was Managing Editor of the New York Post, two years after it was purchased by Rupert Murdoch, who already owned The Sun. Murdoch appointed him Sun editor in 1981 and is said to have described MacKenzie as his all-time "favourite editor".

Craig McKenzie. Former journalist with the News of the World and a senior editorial executive at the Daily Express under Sir Nicholas Lloyd. The brother of Kelvin, Craig was a herpes sufferer and frequenter of brothels.

Rod Tyler. Former Features Editor of the News of the World. Rod wrote some of Margaret Thatcher's speeches, including the famous "Me? The Iron Lady?". He was also brought in by her PR adviser, Tim Bell, now Lord Bell, to help with strategy sessions. Tyler was a public sex aficionado and one time lover of Margaret Thatcher's daughter, Carol. He became deputy features editor of the Mail but fell out of favour with the editor, David English, who sacked him in 1976. Rod is quoted as saying "David English, who was the greatest journalist I have ever worked with, used to sack one executive a year to keep the rest on their toes. "That year it just happened to be my turn." After freelancing for a while, he landed a job as assistant editor at the News of the World where, among other duties, he took charge of the 'Grope Squad', as the paper's investigation team was appropriately known. His greatest coup, however, was to sign up Joan Collins for the serialisation of the sensational autobiography Past Imperfect that did so much to resurrect her career, as well as boosting circulation with its kiss and tell revelations. in 1982 a change of editor at the News of the World prompted Rod to resign and to go back on the road as a freelance. Tyler died in October 2003 aged just 60.

Stuart Kuttner (born 1939) was managing Editor of the News of the World for 22 years before stepping down from his post in 2009 and retiring to Woodford Green. He was arrested on 2 August 2011, in connection with the News International phone hacking scandal and later bailed. He was 71 at the time of his arrest, which was a clear statement that the Operation Weeting team, led by the deputy assistant commissioner Sue Akers, intend to be thorough. This transvestite helped Gerry Brown and Ray Chapman falsify stories; in particular the 'Social Security Scam' and visits to Poland with Ian Cutler which never happened!!

Piers Morgan (born 30 March 1965 in Guildford, Surrey) once served as de facto editor of The Sun's show business column, Bizarre, under the editorship of Kelvin MacKenzie. In 1994, aged 28, Rupert Murdoch appointed him editor of News of the World. He quickly gained notoriety for his invasive style and lack of concern regarding the right to privacy of celebrities and royals. Morgan insisted that they could not manipulate the media to further their own ends without accepting the consequences of a two way deal. Morgan's autobiography The Insider states that he left the News of the World of his own choice and somewhat against owner Rupert Murdoch's wishes when he was offered the job of Editor at the Daily Mirror.

As editor of the Mirror, in 1996 Morgan was widely criticised and forced to apologise for the headline "Achtung! Surrender" a day before England met Germany in a semi-final of the Euro '96 football championships. In May 2004 he was sacked for his involvement in the Lancashire Regiment scam...!!

Michael Parker, frequenter of brothels, worked as a news and features journalist.

Ron Mount. Former Flying Squad officer, taken on by News of the World because of the stories he had to tell which were all lies. In the words of Andrew Drummond "The newsroom was a bit like public school with our token East Londoner, Ron Mount (ex flying squad) holding the candle of the masses and meeting up with his doll in the Printers Pie after work."

Mazher Mahmood. Mazher Mahmood is an undercover reporter with The Sunday Times newspaper. He previously spent 20 years working for the News of the World. He has been dubbed as "Britain's most notorious undercover reporter." News of the World claimed he has brought over 250 criminals to justice. Mahmood is also known as the fake sheikh because he often poses and disguises himself as a sheikh in order to gain his target's trust. In September 2008, he wrote a book entitled Confessions of a Fake Sheik - The King Of The Sting Reveals All published by Harper Collins. He was banned from The Times for false stories. He fabricated the Posh & Becks kidnap scam...!!

Various Mirror journalists and editors. The Mirror was owned by the International Publishing Corporation (IPC) between 1963 and 1984 and by Robert Maxwell between 1984 and 1991. It was the main rival to Murdoch's paper, The Sun. I often worked for the mirror as a freelance and saw a lot of the goings on there. I am not naming all those involved in scams and sleaze in this book but watch out for Camera Assassin 4, coming out soon.

Ray Chapman & Clive Cooke committed paedophilia with some of the young girls and boys in their stories.

Blow jobs, Whores, and Fake Front Pages at the News of the World - all involving Rupert's management. This is the story of the News of the World (and other tabloids) in the sixties and seventies when it was then situated in Rupert Murdoch's London HQ in Bouverie Street. This was all before Wapping of course, where everyone drunk mineral water, tapped phones and catalogued and castigated the sleaze of others.

This murky, mucky, recollection comes from my own personal archives. As a News of the Screws photographer I was myself deeply involved in the daily sleaze of virtually every member of the editorial team at some time. Even worse than the sometimes bizarre and often downright disgusting pornographic goings on, me and several other reporters, with the connivance of junior executives, manufactured many major 'exclusives' by hiring models, both male and female, to pose for compromising pictures.

The Screws have continually threatened to sue me but somehow have just not got around to it. Apart from the wholly bizarre nature of this story, I publish it to debunk, once and for all, the holier-than-thou-hypocrisy of the News of the World's editorial policy. They could hand it out all right, but they hate having to take it. Now read on ----

Chapter 1 - Fake Stories

The general public would not believe how many news stories are fake, and how many sex and sleaze activities exposed by the press were regularly indulged in by the very same two-faced journalists who had blown the lid off them. Is it any wonder that journalists are now rated by the general public on the same low footing as lawyers, the police, politicians and pornographers? The newspaper stories detailed in the following press cuttings were all bent in some way, yet they were put out by the editors of each respective newspaper. In this chapter I give the real, inside story on on many tall tales published as the truth...

Take Piers Morgan for example. He was fired recently after printing 60 pages of rubbish! (Stuart Kuttner remained in his job, printed even more rubbish, until the News of the World's demise in 2011)

God knows how many coalition troops were killed or wounded as a result of Morgan’s cynical and opportunist photos. During his most recent TV appearance you would have thought it never happened. He didn’t refer to it once! Nor was he asked a question about it, by his pals on the chat show!

Pure Fiction: The time span was the seventies and eighties when I teamed up with reporter Ray Chapman on at least 20 major series ordered by Murdoch. These included a long-running saga on ‘Welfare Scroungers’, then exposing ‘left-wing revolutionaries’ and finally many so-called sex scandals, mainly exposing wife swappers, one of whom committed suicide after a dubious story appeared. Chapman was one of the longest serving reporters on the paper until his retirement in 2007.

Almost every single story I was associated with was pure fiction. If the facts didn’t fit the brief, we made them up. I paid actors to pose in so called ‘snatch’ pictures. A snatch or candid picture is one where the subject is not aware of be photographed or is unwilling to be photographed.

When Rupert Murdoch first bought the News of the World in one of the city's most controversial take-overs, he was determined to be a "hands on" proprietor. At first the staff, including the editor Stafford Summerfield, treated him as an Aussie sheep farmer. But he fired anyone who got in his way, including Summerfield, and soon made radical changes to the paper. A little while later he included the Sun to his Bouverie Street stable.

Murdoch had an obsession to expose welfare scroungers and left-wing militants and continually put his executive into 'fast forward' for exposure stories. Everyone from the news editor to the top brass would accept almost anything if it pleased Murdoch.

Rupert said, "The subjects were tailor made for journalistic scam".

Dole Dodgers: One of the things which first appalled Murdoch about London was what he saw a blatant abuse of the social services by welfare scroungers. He declared war on them and let his executives know that he wanted a full and long running exposure. Every budding, hungry, or down and out freelance quickly realised that the paper would buy almost any story which exposed dole fiddlers, of which of course there were thousands.

Me and my sidekick Ray Chapman retained several freelancers who spotted an immediate and lucrative money-spinner and got to work. We had often used two down and outs, one called Smokey and the other Michael, to manufacture stories and both were immediately recruited to hunt out the dole dodgers.

The whole campaign went on for a decade but was kicked off by a two part series to which veteran reporter Ron Mount put his name. Mount was a suspect ex-policeman who, when in the force, had been useful to the News of the World as an informer. When he was found out and fired, the paper gave him a job.

He was also a chronic alcoholic who had two girl friends and a wife and family at home. His favourite watering hole was the Wine Press, a trendy place actually in Fleet Street at the top of Bouverie Street.

We faked too many stories to list. Here are just a few of them:

Spaghetti Scroungers - A story appeared on the front page of the News of the World during August 1979, about numerous illegal Italian immigrants. This story was another fabrication. Me and Ray Chapman faked the photographs to support it. It led to an investigation by Lynda Chalker who was Under Secretary of the Health and Social Security department at the time. Not all these men were claiming social security. Another winner for Rupert.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

SPECIAL INQUIRY: DOLE OFFICIALS HIT OUT AT THE NON-STOP PARTY

EWS OF THE WORLD EXPOSES THE SPAGHETTI SCROUNGERS

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!

That's why the scroungers are invading us

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD LIFTS THE LID OFF

NO WONDER they're laughing! These young Italian scroungers are living it up in Britain at your expense.

As Tino Caradente, 19, says: "Everything is free in England."

"It's amazing. Free medicine, hospitals, houses—and the Government pays you for not working."

And Piluccio Scandonio, 18, says: "We don't like you, or your country—but as long as you keep giving us money we'll stay here."

The Italians are squatting in Islington, London, and [illegible] are claiming £62 a week supplementary benefit. You wouldn't get away with it in Italy. But it's OK in crazy Britain.

SPECIAL REPORT by Ray Chapman

PICTURES by Ian Cutler

Me and Chapman ferreted out some good tales but, to tell the truth, every last one of them was a setup. We'd go out, set up a picture, then Chapman would invent the story to go with them and we'd deliver it to Ron Mount (the ex flying squad copper). Throughout the whole series, Mount never left the wine bar and never came on a single story.

On one occasion, knowing that we had a free hand, me and Chapman bought six bottles of wine and went to a dole office in Bishops Gate where welfare could be obtained instantly in cash because it specialised in the homeless. The faithful Smokey, always pocketing his £50 daily fee, went up to the queue (which was spilling out onto the street) and gave the claimants the six bottles of wine. Cutler duly photographed this merry band downing the wine with glee.

A certain piquancy was added to the story because I had bought Smokey a T-shirt which said plainly on the back “Britain is Great”.

Chapman then wrote a wholly inaccurate piece alleging that these same people went to a different dole queue each day and spent all their money having street parties on the taxpayer. We delivered it to Mount in the wine bar where he was incoherent and he in turn gave it to his news editor, Bob Warren. The story went straight up to Murdoch who was elated.

The News of the World duly thundered about the dole dodgers and Mount bathed for weeks in the series success.

Fiddler On The Roof - Sunday 6th August 1978 - One of the most important faked stories was headlined: “Fiddler On the Roof” which took over the whole of the front page. It was one of many “Scroungers” stories ordered directly by Murdoch. This story was about a fictitious building and roofing contractor Stan Clarke, who was supposed to have employed men off the dole and turned a blind eye to them claiming benefits whilst working for him. Stan Clarke didn’t exist of course, the story was totally fabricated by Ray Chapman and myself. Rupert laughed at the idea

E WORLD
ST SUNDAY SALE
No. 7,024
THE 12P

N THE ROOF

Slippery Stan makes £140 a week from his dole racket

By RAY CHAPMAN

STAN CLARKE is an outrageous rogue—a bare-faced fiddler on the roof who makes a handsome living as a so-called roofing and buildi

He recruits his wo
paying them wages on
His "office" is a p
licensing hours. And
a week out of it, tax-f
What is more, he say
—or VAT on any work do
Clarke works his lucra
week advertising cards in

PHONE

One I saw in a tobacconist's in Holloway Road read: "Roofing and building works done at lowest cost. Ring Stan Clarke, 272-1022, from 11 am to 2.30 pm and 6 pm to 10 pm."

The phone number turned out to be that of a public telephone at the Medina Tavern in Holloway—near the Medina Road labour exchange, where Clarke picks his workmen from the dole queue.

When I approached him there and told him I needed some property repairs done, he said: "You've come to the best man in London." Then he went on:

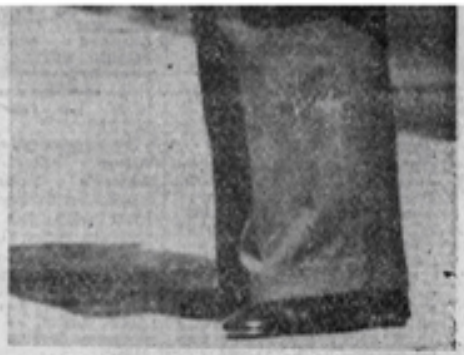
"As long as you pay cash, I can do any building work for you at the lowest possible price. I know the building game back to front and I do jobs all over London.

But I don't accept cheques and I don't give receipts. ve done some jobs for a few thousand quid and I tax or anything. I nearly went skint five years ce then. I haven't paid any tax or VAT.

ant any

STAN CLARKE: "My name will be mud"

Smokey Cummines was dressed up in Ian Cutler's hat and coat for this faked picture



CLARKE: "I make £7,000 a year"

sixth

poems of hers that ould be proud to ha

Smokey Cummines was dressed up
in Ian Cutler's hat and coat for this faked picture.

As before, we employed our rogue friend, Smokey Cummines, who recruited claimants direct from the DHSS offices to ‘pose’ for pictures. They were paid £10 cash to pose as roofing workers. Cummines was actually a former (sacked) prison officer.

Cummines pretended to be Stan Clarke and I lent him my hat and overcoat to ‘disguise’ him as a ‘bare-faced fiddler on the roof’. We paid him his usual fee, £50, for this scam. He only did it for the beer money.

Cheeky Confessions of the Wedding Photographer - News of the World Splash - Another fake story appeared in the News of the World in March 1980. This one was a complete fabrication about the invented character Robert Croft, who was allegedly a wedding photographer Casanova. The man didn’t exist but the story sold papers. Rupert was happy again.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

THEY WATCH THE BRIDIE, THE BRIDESMAIDS AND THE MATRONS OF HONOUR!

By SHARON RING and JOHN LISNERS

CASANOVA cameraman Bob Croft always aims to click when he is taking wedding photos.

As the champagne corks pop, guests, bridesmaids, matrons-of-honour—and even brides—have fallen for his charms.

"There's no way you can walk out of a wedding nowadays without at least one girl lined up," he reckons.

Nine times out of ten Bob fancies his chances with the bridesmaids.

"You take a few shots of them and they think you're David Bailey," he says.

"The bride's stolen the day so they're dying for something a bit special."

Sober

But his capers have landed 21-year-old Bob, who works in north-east London, in some scrapes. Like the time he was overexposed in the bathroom with the matron-of-honour.

"I'd started chatting her up during the reception and suggested we meet," he says. "She said, 'There's no time like the present.'

"Things were going as well as could be expected when suddenly there was a lot of yelling and banging on the door.

"We pulled our clothes on and when we opened the door her husband went berserk.

"I told him I was a respectable photographer and I'd been helping out because she'd wanted to see the loo and the cistern was stuck.

Another time Bob was caught in the bedroom with a matron-of-honour when the husband burst in.

"I told him I had a

BRYN: "I made love on a tombstone"

NEWS OF THE WORLD CHEEKY CONFESSIONS OF THE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHERS!

Bobby Cummines, CEO of Unlock, had nothing to do with wedding photography.

Pix IAN CUTLER

My test shots on a studio couch

SOON after he started snapping brides, Peter Lasuki realised he was onto a good thing.

It was on the day a big - busted blonde walked in to his South London office to book him up for her wedding.

"I know it sounds corny but as a joke I said I'd have to do some test shots," says 26-year-old Peter.

"When she agreed I thought she was carrying on the joke.

"She asked, 'How do you want me?' I replied, 'Topless, of course.'

"Then I went upstairs to get some stationery and when I returned she was half-naked.

"When I told her it was a joke she didn't mind at all. In fact she

CAMERAMAN MIKE CLICKED 3 TIMES AT ONE WEDDING

Wedding photographer story scam approved by Rupert

The character of Robert Croft was roughly based on my own life. In my teens, as a young wedding photographer, before joining the News of the World, I would do eight or nine weddings every Saturday in Finsbury Town Hall. It would often happen that the bridegroom would get pissed and I would take the opportunity to screw his new bride. Failing that I would usually get to fuck a bridesmaid or two. I have always enjoyed my work.

Bobby Cummines OBE FRSA, is now the CEO of the pressure group Unlock, The National Association of Reformed Offenders. He is Smokey's brother and was formerly one of the United Kingdom's most notorious bank robbers. He often used to pose for me in fake stories. This time we slung a camera around his neck and used him to help us 'expose' a fictitious wedding photographer who supposedly seduced brides. I held a drink's party in my garden and posed all the pictures, but there never was a bride or a marriage.

Dramatic Thames Rescue - Another major story, for the Evening Standard this time, showed a photograph of Douglas Smith being rescued by Patrick O'Connor. The story told how Smith had fallen overboard from a pleasure boat on the Thames, and O'Connor, a bystander had gallantly dived in to save him. However, the two knew each other and planned the stunt together to get some positive publicity for O'Connor who was shortly due in court.

"Red" Ted Knight (born 13 June 1933) controlled Lambeth council. When the Conservative Government passed the Rates Act 1984 to limit the budgets of local councils, several left-wing Labour councils organised a rebellion in which they refused to set a budget. All the councils eventually backed down except Liverpool City Council and Lambeth. The district auditor found that the council had lost interest on tax payments as a result, which was held to be due to the "wilful misconduct" of Knight and 31 other councillors. Each was required to repay the amount of lost interest in a surcharge and banned from holding office for five years. Neil Kinnock blamed leaders like "Red Ted" Knight and Linda Bellos from Lambeth, for bringing the Labour Party into disrepute. In our attempt to embarrass him further, Chapman and I paid for black models to pose as council workers moonlighting in council time with council equipment.

When trying to expose illegal immigrants claiming dole at Kings Cross, me and Chapman dived into an Italian restaurant called Luigi's and paid all the waiters and kitchen staff £10 each to pose outside the dole office making rude gestures to the welfare state.

The Posh Beckham Kidnapping - News of the World (November 3rd 2002) - A fun story by Mazher Mahmoud and Gerry Brown (known to colleagues as 'Gerry-can' or 'Brown Gerry', brown as in toilet). In 2002 Detective Chief Superintendent John Coles, the head of SO7, said yesterday: "As a result of information from the News of the World, SO7 Kidnap Unit conducted an operation to arrest a group of individuals who are suspected of having been involved in theft and a conspiracy to commit kidnap.

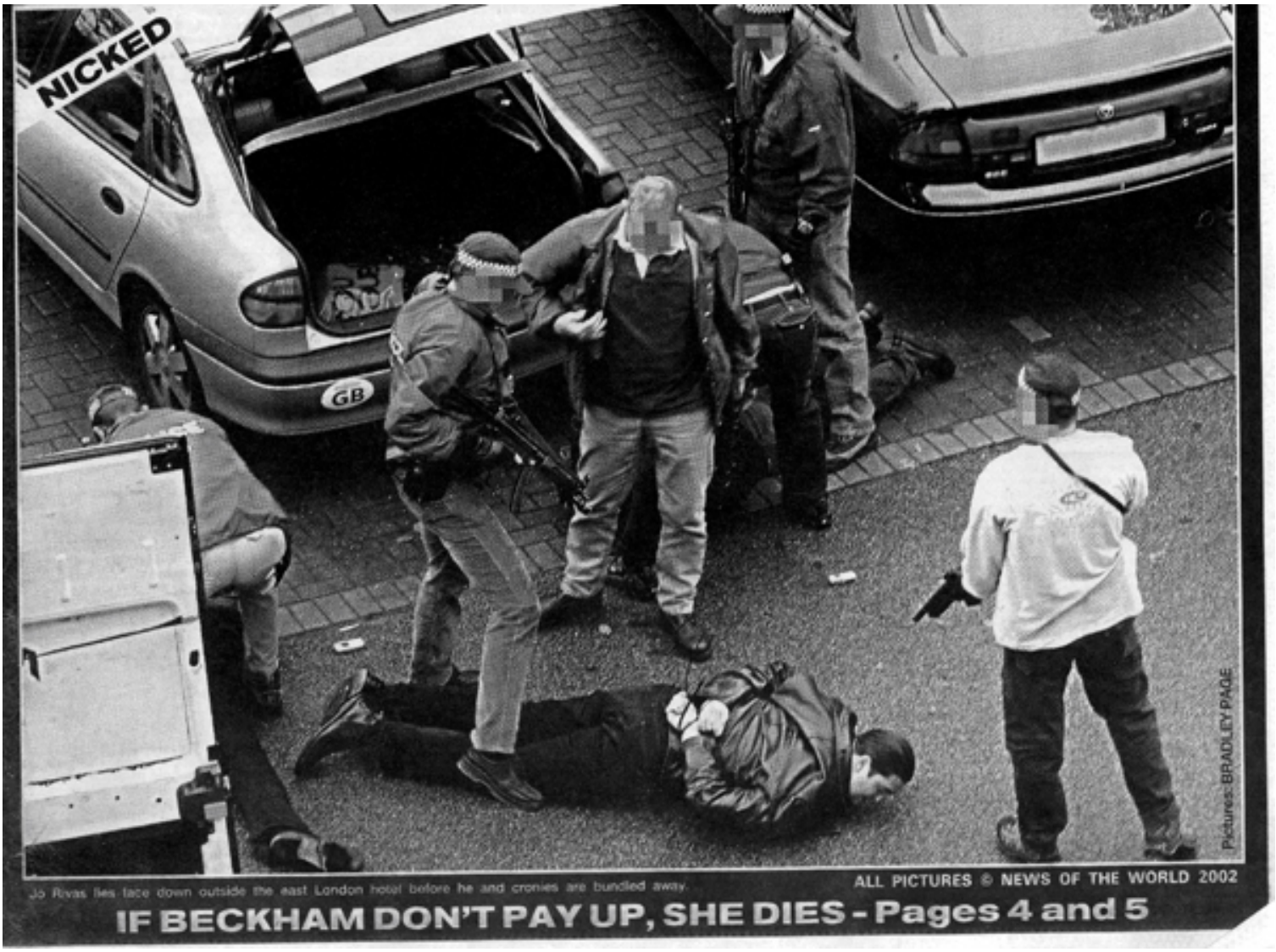
Stuart Kuttner, managing editor of the News of the World, told Sky News: "About six weeks ago we were alerted that a gang of Romanians and Albanian criminals, or people of that persuasion, had a plan to try and kidnap Victoria Beckham".

Although I wasn't personally involved in this story (I had retired by then) I knew the journalists who were and I had no doubt what was going on. I contacted Gavin Hodges and Joseph Reams, solicitors of 70 Marylebone Lane, London W14 2TT. They were the defence team for the Bosnian defendants accused of kidnapping David Beckham's wife Victoria (formerly known as Posh Spice of the pop group the Spice Girls).

POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
Moment saves Victoria and her sons from thugs
NEWS OF THE WORLD
BY MAZHER MAHMOOD
ARMED police surround an international terror gang preparing to kidnap David Beckham's wife Victoria and their two young children yesterday.
They were arrested after our reporters infiltrated the group who planned to ransom Posh for £5m or kill her. One of our team, at the top right of this picture, was in on the raid. Cops stepped up security today as one thug remained on the loose.
Det Insp Ian Horrocks, of Scotland Yard's kidnap unit said: "You've done a tantastic job taking on dangerous criminals." Victoria, 28, said: "I'm incredibly grateful."
ALL PICTURES © NEWS OF THE WORLD 2002
Picture: BRADLEY PAGE
●Victoria: 'I'm in total shock' ●More pictures, the full story 2,3,4,5,6 & 7

Beckham's kidnap story was all Bollocks!! Rupert loved this idea.

I posed the question as to how a bunch of illegal immigrants who didn't know London from the Suez Canal could find where David and Victoria Beckham lived when most Londoner's born and bred had no idea. Knowing the gutter press well, having worked for the News of the World for so long, and how they often set up stories or simply make them up, my instinct was that the down on their luck Bosnian illegal immigrants had been given the address where David and Victoria Beckham lived. I had little doubt who had put the kidnap idea into their heads. A financial inducement from the press in order to create a story that would engender massive income worldwide would be par for the course.


NICKED
GB
Jo Rivas lies face down outside the east London hotel before he and cronies are bundled away
ALL PICTURES © NEWS OF THE WORLD 2002
Pictures: BRADLEY PAGE
IF BECKHAM DON'T PAY UP, SHE DIES - Pages 4 and 5

Beckham's kidnap story was all bollocks, just 6 pages of rubbish approved by Rupert

Solicitors for the defence used my information and put it to the judge. Armed with this knowledge and the iffy nature of the police allegations which by then had created massive worldwide media coverage the Judge threw the case out.

Could the press have set up a fake kidnapping? I think so. Whatever, Rupert Murdoch's News of the Screws did all right out of it. If the press had actually set up the story and bribed desperate illegal immigrants to attempt to carry out the kidnap, they got their money's worth.

G.A.Y.M.C.A.: Out of all the manufactured stories in which I took part as a willing accomplice (and often engineering them myself) the story on the front-page of the News of the World on March 18th 1980 headlined, “We expose the shocking truth about the GAYMCA” with a strap line - “Showpiece Hotel is pick-up paradise for these weirdos,” takes the biscuit.

Homosexuality was still illegal at that time. The story went into great detail about the £15 million showpiece of the Young Men’s Christian Association - Plush Hotel Y - which had supposedly become a “gathering place” for rent boys. The by-lines were: “Special Investigation by Martin Turner and Michael Parker. Pictures by Ian Cutler.”

Following a tip-off, the three of us tried to penetrate Hotel Y, which for a while we did. But the tip-off just didn’t stand up. We couldn’t find a genuine rent boy, even after touting ourselves and offering fairly serious money. So we decided to provide our own evidence.

I cannot now recall whether Turner was fully involved with subterfuge, but Michael Parker most certainly was, Parker knew full well that I, through my underground contacts in the sex trade which I often exploited, had hired a rent boy for the day and paid him £50 over and above the going rate.

The story we concocted “exposed” three youths purporting to be rent boys, using the hotel to ply their trade. Making them look like “snatch shots” (journalistic jargon for snapping a victim when they are unawares) Parker and I dressed up the hired boy in widely different garbs. Three of the pictures taken and submitted actually depict the same youth.

In one he is wearing a false moustache and a crash helmet, presumably entering the premises, the next, without a moustache is the same boy hiding behind a book smoking a joint, and the third is an innocuous picture of a young man, which did not get published but seemed genuine enough to warrant three separate statements which were entirely fabricated by “Cyril”, “Paul” and “Alan”.

NEWS OF THE W

We expose the sho

THE G.A.Y

Pictures by
IAN CUTLER

RENT-BOY PAUL: "It's an easy touch here"

TR

THE £15 million showpiece of the Young Men's Christian Association has become a gathering place for homosexuals.

Showpiece hotel is a pick-up paradise for these weirdos

They visit the plush Y Hotel in London's West End in search of pick-ups.

And young male prostitutes, known as rent boys, ply their trade there. They call it the Y-Front.

One said: "It's no secret that it's an in-place for gays." A young man who uses the hotel to meet his boy friend said: "If you're gay at the YMCA, it's okay."

A homosexual resident said: "In the six months I've been here I've never had any trouble finding satisfaction. Its so easy at the YMCA."

The hotel, off Tottenham Court Road, has 168 rooms costing £15 for a single and £20.50 a double. It is open to men and women of all ages.

Reporters who visited the hotel—which has a swimming pool, gym

SPECIAL INVESTIGATION by Martin Turner and Michae

PICK-UP NO. 1. A man who called himself Cyril, and said he was a resident, made an approach in the bar to a reporter, who writes:

Cyril, 32, asked me to go up to his room for a sex session in the shower.

In room 428 he plied

20-year-old rent boy, —plying for trade from Piccadilly Circus to the area around the Y Hotel —made an approach in the TV lounge.

The reporter writes: He said his name was Paul. He wore a gold ring through his left

sex. Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am, and it was all over."

Paul, who said he worked by day in a warehouse, added: "I usually work with other rent boys on the 'meat rack' in Piccadilly, and I sometimes wander

man calling himself Reggie, a 34-year-old accountant, chatted in the bar to a reporter, who writes: He told me he wasn't a resident. He said: "In the gym I play badminton with a lot of men. If they're resident here I sometimes go up

Cutler and Parker dressed up a boy in widely different garbs.
In three of the pictures taken and submitted they actually depict the same youth.

The unholy alliance of Parker and myself then triumphantly took the pictures and story back to the News of the World. We made sure it was put into the hands of Craig McKenzie (brother of the notorious Kelvin) who was then one of the chief subs. McKenzie himself then became fully and knowingly involved with this wretched subterfuge.

The Hitler Diaries: On 22nd April 1983, German magazine Stern announced that it had discovered the Hitler Diaries. Journalist Gerd Heidemann claimed to have received the diaries from East Germany, smuggled out by a "Dr. Fischer". The diaries were supposed to be part of a consignment of documents recovered from an aircraft crash in Börnersdorf near Dresden in April 1945. Two historians, Hugh Trevor-Roper of Times Newspapers and Gerhard Weinberg of Newsweek, authenticated the diaries. Serialisation rights were sold for huge sums. Murdoch was one of top bidders and the Times ran a front page scoop on The Hitler Diaries. When they were exposed as fakes Rupert said... 'IT'S ONLY FUCKING ENTERTAINMENT ANYWAY!'

Stern editors Peter Koch and Felix Schmidt resigned from the magazine; Frank Giles stood down as editor of The Sunday Times; and William Broyles resigned from Newsweek. The episode was much ridiculed in the UK media (particularly by the Sunday Times' rival newspapers), and Trevor-Roper's reputation was seriously damaged. But did Murdoch suffer? What do you think?

Rupert Murdoch

Scandal of the Sardine Hostels - Me and Gerry Brown went on a story about overcrowded student accommodation. We found a few privately run dormitories but nothing that came anywhere close to the squalor we were looking for so I faked the pictures. We even claimed that some tourists to London were being treated like this. Ridiculous !!!

NEWS OF THE WORLD

SCANDAL OF THE SARDINE HOSTELS

40 TOURISTS SLEEP IN A SQUALID BASEMENT

INTER STUDENT HOSTELS
CENTRAL LONDON
3 CRANLEY GARDENS SW7
TEL 370 6841
£2.50

LEAFLET given by a tout

Me and Gerry faked most of these pictures

Pix IAN CUTLER

CRAMMED in for the night. They pay £1.75 to bed down on the floor of a dingy room at the Inter Student Hostel

IT'S 2.30 a.m. on a Friday at the height of the tourist season. Forty young people, mostly visitors to Britain, are crammed for the night into a dingy 20ft by 18ft basement room with barred windows.

They have paid £1.75 each for a tiny space which barely gives them room to turn over.

Outside the room in a corridor at the foot of the stairs up to street level another 16 bodies are lumped together. They, too, have paid for the privilege of being what the owner describes as his "prisoners."

This is the scandal of Britain's sardine hostels. It is a scandal illustrated by the picture (right) taken at the Inter Student Hostel in Cranley Gardens, Kensington, London.

SPECIAL REPORT by GERRY BROWN Pictures by IAN CUTLER

The hostel is owned and managed by 30-year-old Michael Thompson who lives in spacious town house in Lansdowne Crescent, Holland Park.

His hostel is typical of the squalid and overcrowded conditions we found during a month-long investigation into the cheap end of the tourist trade in central London.

BREACHES

We stayed at Thompson's hostel and at three others which, according to Fire Brigade records are owned by brothers Melvin and Ian Griffin.

These are the Trans-London International Hotel in Belgrave Road, Victoria, the Hogarth Hotel, in Hogarth Road, Earl's Court (not connected in any way with the Hogarth Hotel, a good quality hotel a few yards away), and the Crescent Hotel in Eardley Crescent, Earl's Court.

The brothers, both in their early 30s, have an opulent London and country lifestyle supported by the takings from a chain of hostels.

Thompson admits that he has never even bothered to apply for a fire certificate.

In fact, breaches of the fire, health and housing laws were a common experience in our investigation.

● IN Griffin hostels we found nine people sleeping in one 10ft by 12ft room. Another eight were packed into a room 8ft by 10ft. According to a public health expert this is "gross overcrowding."

● IN three of the four hostels we found at least one toilet overflowing — two of them had two toilets overflowing.

● IN two hostels we found a fire door linked. In each of the other two we found a smoke door wedged open.

Our stay at Thompson's Inter Student Hostel came after we were approached by a tout at Victoria station.

As we collected rucksacks and sleeping-bags from the left-luggage office he handed us a leaflet advertising sleeping accommodation at the hostel from £2.50 including breakfast.

TOUT

The leaflet claimed that the hostel supplied clean linen and the use of a dining-room.

The tout, a young German in his twenties, told us: "I am doing this for commission."

It is an offence to tout for hostel business inside the station.

When we arrived at the three-storey hostel at midday we were told that all the beds had been taken.

Only floor space was available at £1.75 each.

We paid for two "spaces" to sleep on the floor of basement room No. 3.

By 11 p.m. the room was packed with 40 tourists each occupying about 6ft by 3ft of floor space.

In one double sleeping-bag in the corner a young Belgian couple were making love.

Two late arrivals, unable to find any more floor space, beside the room, wedged open the door and bedded down to sleep with their heads in the room and feet protruding into the corridor.

By 3.30 a.m. 16 sleeping tourists had formed a human barricade across the narrow corridor outside the room.

Throughout the night sharp wire-grating interruptions as a number of the 56 people crammed into the basement stepped over one another to reach the single toilet down there.

Between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. the residents crowded into the small basement dining-room for a breakfast of tea with toast and jam.

JAMMED

Many of the young tourists immediately began queueing for the allocation of beds for that night.

On a later visit we were able to book two beds in Room 24 of the hostel's annexe across the street.

There, six students were sleeping on the floor of a corridor leading to a fire-escape door which should have opened out into a tiny courtyard.

The door was jammed closed with spare bedframes piled against it.

When we complained to the receptionist he told us: "We have it worked out down to the last square inch how many people we can get in here.

"We don't clear out the corridor, we have already taken their money for letting them sleep on the floor."

Next to the three hostels owned by the Griffin brothers . . .

The TRANSLONDON INTERNATIONAL HOTEL was also introduced to us by taxis at Victoria station.

The price varied from £2.75 at the beginning of the week to £4.25 at weekends.

The introduction cards boasted that the hostel provided colour TV and "comfortable rooms."

But we found the hostel to be dirty, uncomfortable and potentially dangerous.

We booked two beds, paying £3.50 each, and were told we would have to share a 14ft by 12ft room with four others in three sets of double bunk beds.

Inside, Room No. 24 was littered with old newspapers, magazines, discarded clothing and cigarette butts around into a greasy square of carpet.

The lower half of the sash window was wedged firmly closed with a two-inch block of wood and the top half, about 10 ft above floor level, was open only a few inches for ventilation, and was jammed to prevent it opening any further.

There were no signs for fire escapes.

The basement lounge failed to provide the promised TV and offered only a pack of cards for which extra

Fury of the Evil Escort Boss - In July 1984 Trevor Kempson and me went to London's West End to expose an escort agency offering 'extras'. During the interview the owner of the agency, a pimp known locally ad 'The Beast', hit Trevor. In the article Trevor claimed he had been kicked and hit with a gas cylinder. Before photographing his injuries I applied make up to Trevor's face to make the damage look much worse than it was. One of the girls photographed wasn't even involved. She was my girlfriend, we just need an extra face. Of course the News of the World hierarchy were well aware that we had fabricated part of this story.

THE VICE LORD OF MANOR
NEWS OF THE WORLD
MAGAZINE
FURY
OF THE EVIL ESCORT BOSS
Faked Photo
Threatened with acid
Facing up to nasty Frank
GIRLS IN
£100 a time for extras
the dossier
wages of sin
Pictures by IAN CUTLER
The cut on Trevor's face was exagerated with make up, by us, for the News of the World

The Good Night Shift was another good one. In November 1979 me and Gerry brown were sent up to Birmingham to catch British Leyland night shift workers at the Longbridge plant sleeping on the job. When we got there we found both production lines working at full pelt. The whole thing had been a hoax. Nevertheless we had been sent to get the pictures so that's what we did. There was a room where the workers went during rest breaks so we set up some fake shots there.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

NOVEMBER 11, 1979 — BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY PAPER — No. 7,090 — PRICE 15p

THE BIG ONE!

Exposed: The Leyland of Nod where the Rover paintshop men turn out the lights and go to bed

THE GOODNIGHT SHIFT

ZZZZ . . . Another hard day's night for three paint-shop men

THE GOOD NIGHT SHIFT THESE PHOTOS WERE TAKEN IN THEIR REST ROOM, THERE WERE TWO SHOPS WORKING AT FULL PELT, AND IT LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE SLEEPING, BUT THEY WEREN'T. THIS IS HOW WE WORKED IT FOR THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

IT IS 3 a.m. and down in the British Leyland paint shop nothing is stirring. The only sound that disturbs the peace is the snoring of the night shift.

The workers who turn out the lights and go to bed are to be found at the ailing car giant's plant in Solihull, Birmingham, which makes the Range Rover—one of the world's most sought-after cars.

We discovered the men touch sleeping on the job in Block 2/5—as three separate visits, Most of the sleeping night shift were snoring, even though they were not due to clock on for another four hours.

They were lying under blankets and in sleeping bags, on settees and benches, comfortably tucked up with Range Rover upholstery.

REPORT BY GERRY BROWN
PICTURES BY IAN CUTLER

It was an open secret we slept on the job

CUSHY

CUSHIONS

BLANKETS

To our utter amassment the nation fell hook line and sinker for this garbage. But it was the time when Mrs. Thatcher's spin doctors had been bombarding us all with their propaganda about workers and unions.

Other right wing papers eagerly picked up on the story and the Sun's cartoonist, Franklin, had a field day.

STATE-RUN SOCCER
FOUNDED BY YOUNG SOCIALISTS
Buy the Socialist Worker
FRANKLIN
"I TOLD YOU IT WOULD END UP LIKE BRITISH LEYLAND!"

Chapter 2 - We Weren't The Only Ones Faking Stories

Piers Morgan (born Piers Stefan O'Meara; 30 March 1965), is a journalist and television presenter. He is editorial director of First News, a national newspaper for children.

Morgan branched into television mainly as a presenter, but has become best known as a judge or contestant in reality television programmes. He was a judge on Britain's Got Talent. Morgan has also worked in the United States where he was a judge on America's Got Talent, and as the winner of The Celebrity Apprentice.

On 14th May 2004 Morgan was fired from the Mirror after authorising the newspaper's publication of photographs allegedly showing Iraqi prisoners being abused by British Army soldiers from the Queen's Lancashire Regiment. Within days the photographs were shown to be crude fakes.

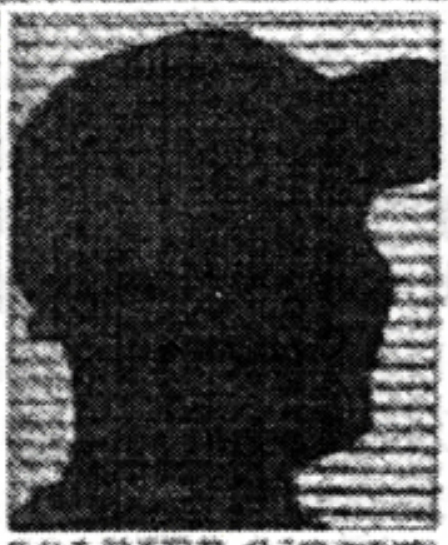
Under the headline "SORRY.. WE WERE HOAXED", the Mirror responded that it had fallen victim to a "calculated and malicious hoax" and apologised for the publication of the photographs. Nevertheless Morgan had caused huge embarrassment to the Lancashire Regiment and endangered soldiers lives. His supercilious attitude typifies the kind of unprofessionalism which is part of the current media.

DAILY Mirror

LIAR WINS

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

I SAW PoW BEATINGS



SOLDIER C

- New Brit soldier comes forward
- More abuse by same regiment
- He gives police names & details

I was not surprised. I know of many faked front page photos, each of them published to sensationalise a story and to sell more papers.

A sensational expose of the British Press

DAILY
Mirror

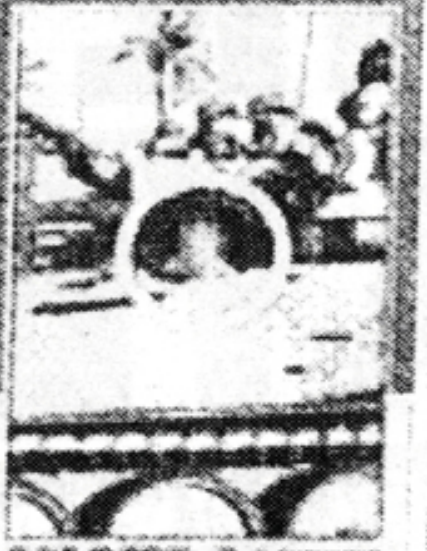
OUT?

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

WE TOLD THE TRUTH like hell!

● Pictures of torture ARE real, say squaddies

● Shock new claims of other attacks on Iraqis



DAILY Mirror

TONY PARSONS
Why I was wrong on Iraq

How to find the bikini that suits your shape

POW ABUSE SCANDAL

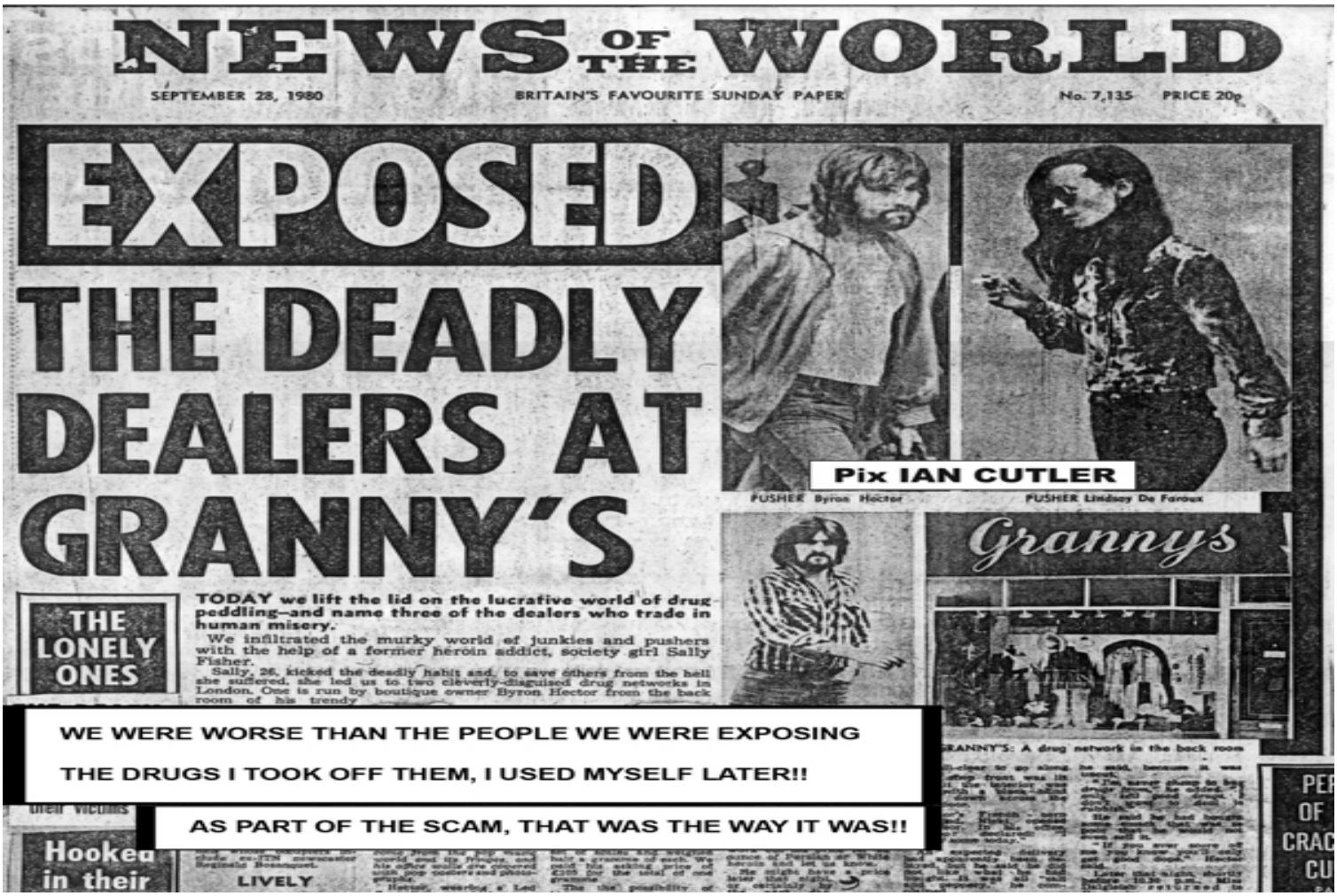
THEY KNEW A YEAR AGO

Fury that MoD kept murder and torture charges secret

Chapter 3 - Double Standards

Of course we didn't fabricate all the stories, although we may have exaggerated a bit. Okay, a lot. Often we would cover stories of vice and prostitution. In the articles we always took a high moral tone. On paper we assumed a 'holier than thou' position, but in the beds of whores we adopted much more interesting positions. Truth is that we just couldn't keep our flies done up. I really loved my job. The following clippings will give you an idea of what I mean.

The Deadly Dealers At Granny's - There was nothing deadly of course, just a bit of cannabis for sale, that's all but we did like to excaudate because it sold papers and kept Rupert happy. As part of the investigation I bought some cannabis and afterwards enjoyed smoking it. Two faced? Yes, sure but that's just the way it was.



NEWS OF THE WORLD

SEPTEMBER 28, 1980 BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY PAPER No. 7,135 PRICE 20p

EXPOSED

THE DEADLY DEALERS AT GRANNY'S

Pix IAN CUTLER

PUSHER Byron Hector

PUSHER Lindsay De Feroux

Granny's

THE LONELY ONES

TODAY we lift the lid on the lucrative world of drug peddling—and name three of the dealers who trade in human misery.

We infiltrated the murky world of junkies and pushers with the help of a former heroin addict, society girl Sally Fisher.

Sally, 26, kicked the deadly habit and, to save others from the hell she suffered, she led us to two cleverly-disguised drug networks in London. One is run by boutique owner Byron Hector from the back room of his trendy

WE WERE WORSE THAN THE PEOPLE WE WERE EXPOSING

THE DRUGS I TOOK OFF THEM, I USED MYSELF LATER!!

AS PART OF THE SCAM, THAT WAS THE WAY IT WAS!!

Hooked in their

LIVELY

GRANNY'S: A drug network in the back room

Maid Fucking - We were doing a story to expose sexual harassment of domestic staff by the nobility. Clive Cook and David Mertens were with me on this one and Cook fucked the maid.

NEWS OF THE W

MAID LIFTS A BARO S E

Clive Cook fucked this girl

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

By DAVID MERTENS

a Baron, George Rodne urable. But that's not h e behaviour of this Old Et

Hon George, son of Lord R at he slept with his parents' b er a joint—a marijuana cigarette. ne Silvestros, 19, worked for 10 mo -year-old Lord Rodney and his Bel gine, in Kensington, London.

And George Rodney made love to her in the servants' quarters while his parents were at the House of Lords.

She said he made love to her five or six times. And each time, she claimed, he gave her a drugged cigarette first.

"It made me lose all my inhibitions," said Helene, from Rhyl, North Wales.

UPSTAIRS

The Hon George, 29, a registered drug addict, said: "Yes, I made love to her, but I think it was only two or three times.

"And I agree that I gave her a joint —but not to get her into bed. She'd been giving me the eye before. And I was smoking a joint upstairs when I went down to see her.

"She was willing to have sex. I think she had only one or two puffs."

The Hon George, who will inherit his father's title, added: "I don't see this as a big deal.

"The aristocracy have been sleeping with servants for 500 years. It's not like Upstairs, Downstairs on television, you know.

"I should think my parents would just howl with laughter if they knew. If I was 14 they might smack my bottom, but now they'd treat it as one big joke.

"Just because you go to Eton and have my background it doesn't mean you're a cardboard cut-

Helene, the Downstairs tell-tale:

"George was quite a nice guy but once he got his clothes off he was nothing. And half the time he was drunk."

Keep Your Hands Off Our Children - In 1978 me, Trevor Kempson and Clive Cook followed up a lead about a gang of paedophiles who were meeting in a conference hall in Holborn. During our investigations I photographed all these guys and Cook committed and act of paedophilia with a 13 year old boy. The story we wrote was basically true but, as usual, highly exaggerated.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

JUNE 11, 1978 No. 7,016 THE LARGEST SUNDAY SALE

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OUR CHILDREN

WE EXPOSE THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS PACK OF PERVERTS

CLIVE COOK who was writing the story, went with a thirteen year old boy, and got a blow job from him. PAEDOPHILIA

Pix IAN CUTLER

INSIDE THEIR

NEWS OF THE WORLD

MARCH 22, 1981 BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY PAPER No. 7,160 PRICE 20p

CHILD SEX RING GOES BACK INTO BUSINESS

This corrupt web
PAGE SEVEN

EXCLUSIVE by Peter Earle and Iain Macaskill

THE REVOLTING child sex campaigners are back in business — with a new boss to replace their jailed leader Tom O'Carroll.

The man now running the Paedophile Information Exchange, which encourages sex with children, is self-styled "Doctor" Peter Bremner, 41. The organisation's 300 members know him as a "psychiatric adviser" who helps them with their sex problems through letters and magazines.

In fact Bremner works as a part-time cleaner and draws Social Security benefit.

He runs the organisation through a Post Office box number in Clapton, East London.

He collects his mail from the local sorting office, just around the corner from his ground-floor council flat in a row of terraced houses in Ickburgh Road.

P.I.E. still has a hard core of about 30 active members campaigning to legalise sex with children.

Its magazine Magpie is still circulating and a recent decision of its executive committee was to organise a sticker campaign to boost membership. Fifty thousand stickers have been printed.

Bremner was a close friend of O'Carroll, who was jailed for two years at the Old Bailey two weeks ago for corrupting public morals.

O'Carroll stayed at his flat while he was on bail awaiting trial.

When his friend was sentenced in court, Bremner stormed "Bloody." And when he arrived home that night he was in tears.

He told Mrs Sally Hassan, 35, who lives in the flat above him: "Tom has gone down—but they won't get me."

TRIAL

Mrs Hassan and her 40-year-old husband Yusuf, who have three young children, were stunned by the revelations at O'Carroll's trial.

They had known Bremner for the years but never suspected he was linked with P.I.E.

She had referred to "the organisation" several times but never told me what it was," Mrs Hassan said.

"I thought it was something to do with the exile from Azerbaijan. I sometimes took him on my pension."

At one time dozens of children used to play regularly in Bremner's flat and back garden.

He read stories to them in his lounge and many of the youngsters sat on his knee.

Mrs Hassan said: "Nearly all the kids in the street were running in and out of his flat.

"It was called 'Pete's Place.' He told me he had been worried and we never suspected anything."

In 1978, after complaints from parents in Ickburgh Road, Bremner was charged with indecently assaulting three boys—two aged eight and another of Bremner his home.

He was bailed to appear at Highbury Magistrates' Court and a few months later was acquitted.

But afterwards parents told their children not to visit Bremner's flat again.

The mother of four of the boys involved in the case said: "The children were always sleeping at Pete's.

"My husband demanded the police after hearing it unnecessarily, because nothing ever came of it."

Detective Inspector Derek Chatterton, leader of the team investigating the children, his harm came to them, but they never really told us what happened or what was going on in the flat.

Mrs Hassan said: "I asked my youngest boy if he had ever been touched by Bremner, but he said no.

"All the same, I told them never to go into his flat again."

Neighbours told us that at one time Bremner had claimed he was a vet and worked in a hospital for animals.

But checks with the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and other leading records showed no trace of Peter Bremner.

I'm glad all the kids are out of it now.

After we started our inquiries Bremner disappeared from his flat. He has not been seen in Ickburgh Road for several days.

But we spoke to him on the phone when he rang Mrs Hassan while we were interviewing her.

FRIENDS

He told us: "I'm not going to be persecuted by your paper.

"But a friend of Tom O'Carroll, He stated with me, but I'm not involving any of my friends. Our business is our own."

A SCOTLAND YARD probe into who leaked the name of former diplomat Sir Peter Hayman as a P.I.E. member was ordered yesterday by the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Thomas Hetherington.

It will be led by Commander Anthony Lanagard, head of the branch which investigates complaints against police.

But a Yard spokesman said last night: "The inquiry is not simply confidential . . . we cannot

"We just didn't want a lot of fuss with detectives checking everywhere for fingerprints."

First reports claimed that £500,000 worth of jewellery was involved, although Barbara's estimate was £25,000.

Barbara said most of her gems to pay [illegible] for Norma, who was cleared

NEW LEADER Peter Bremner, left, with his jailed friend O'Carroll

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OUR CHILDREN

WE EXPOSE THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS PACK OF PERVERTS

HOW we exposed the menace — and started police probe

Filth behind a box number

SECRECY is vital to the perverts of P.I.E. And a box number provides an ideal shield.

For £35 a year they can use the confidential Post Office service to pass on information about their evil exploits.

Remarkably, during their investigation into the child sex organisation, the police never asked for an examination of P.I.E. members' mail.

By WILLIAM RAMKINE

A Post Office spokesman said: "We check out every application for a private mail box to ensure that the people are who they purport to be. This safeguards people who send money to box numbers.

"We do not open the public's mail because we would be breaking a commercial confidence.

Obscene

"If a packages is dispatched and has to be returned and obscene material is discovered, then we take action."

But why was P.I.E. allowed to continue using box numbers after newspapers exposed them?

The spokesman replied: "Unless we receive a complaint from an individual, a company or the police, we are not able to

not harmed by sex with adults, he wrote.

"I am profoundly sure that my innermost feelings towards children are benevolent.

"I see no inherent contradiction between the sexual nature of my love and the affectionate regard of all the two are complementary.

"The problems rise in the obsessive society puts between me and the expression of my best intentions towards children."

Mr Green says allowed O'Carroll to advertise a number of cases in which adults have sex with children.

Explicit

NEW LOVE: Mrs Knight

ROMEO MP: Mr Dickens

THE WIFE: Mrs Dickens

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

JAILED leader O'Carroll

YOUR ERNIE DOUBLE CHANCE
Page 4

They called me the most evil woman in Britain... KIM NEWELL'S STORY
PAGE 5

2 SUPER FIAT CARS TO BE WON
PAGE 18

Two more arrests by bank boss

THE bank which had a girl arrested for exceeding an overdraft limit admitted last night that two other [illegible]

The Scandal Of Subway 4 - Me and Ray Chatman were following up on a tip that whores were touting for business from a subway at Kings Cross. A squad of undercover police women were investigating the girls too. One of the whores was only 15 but that didn't stop Chatman from fucking her. He fucked her on the back seat of my Range Rover while I was still sitting in the front. He must have been going for half an hour, bashing in both her front and back passages. The girl was screaming "get of me, get off". I said "Chatman, leave her alone, she is just a child" but he kept on going. He was well endowed. He thanked her by allowing her to put a cloth over her face while I photographed her.

Chatman had been in prison for child abuse and Murdoch knew it but he didn't care. He still sent Chatman out on these sort of assignments. "All that matters is the story" he would say.

By becoming regular customers of the girls we were able to get them to tell us their stories. It was hard work but somebody had to do it.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

JULY 9, 1978 — THE LARGEST SUNDAY SALE — No. 7,020

THE 12P ONE

WE EXPOSE THE TEENAGE VICE SCANDAL

On the game at fifteen

THIS IS THE PROOF: EVIE'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE

THE SCANDAL OF SUBWAY 4

THIS one is called Evie. She was fifteen years old on May 20. She has been a prostitute since she was fourteen.

She is one of the horde of teenage prostitutes Scotland Yard is out to sweep off the streets.

Commissioner Sir David McNee has given that assignment to a special new squad of twenty policewomen.

It is no Salvation Army type task ahead of them—a pat on the head and a nice cup of tea to rescue young lasses from a life of shame.

For these girls are hard-nosed prostitutes. They are on the game by choice. They are in it for the money.

Says Evie: "I watch the £ signs clicking up in front of my eyes."

Marie is 17 and just as tough. She made £130 in two nights—to pay for her white wedding. Then went back on the game to make some more.

The News of the World has been investigating the cases of Evie, and Marie. And Wendy. And Julie. And others on the largest list of the Vice Squad's Petticoat Posse.

SCOTLAND YARD have assigned a special squad of twenty policewomen to clean up the teenage vice boom in London's West End.

There is no doubt where they should start. In Subway Four of Piccadilly Circus Underground station. This is where hordes of girls—and boys—as young as fifteen ply their trade.

Sir David MacNee's Petticoat Posse will discover that these are not innocent kids waiting to be rescued by kind police ladies.

SPECIAL INQUIRY by RAY CHAPMAN and DAVID POTTS

PICTURES by IAN CUTLER

Marie, 17

Time off to be

PAEDOPHILIA

RAY CHAPMAN, COMMITED AN ACT OF GROSS PEDOPHLIA TO THIS YOUN GIRL, HE SHOVED IT UP HER ARSE AND VAGINA. EVIE SAID, "I WATCHED THE POUND SIGNES CLICKING IN FRONT OF MY EYES". CUTLER SAID "IN THE BACK OF MY CAR, A RANGEROVER HE MUST HA BEEN GOING FOR HALF AN HOUR, HE WAS WELL ENDOWED, THE GIRL WAS SCREAMING, GET OFF ME, GET OFF ME. I SAID LAY OFF CAPMAN, THIS GIRLS A TEENAGER IT TRANSCRIBED THAT CHAPMAN HAD BEEN IN PRISON, AND THE NEWS OF THE WORLD KNEW IT.

The Night They Raffled Maggie - The Wheatsheaf was a pub in Streatham High Street used to supply girls, transsexuals and transvestites for sex parties. On one occasion there was a raffle in which a girl called Maggie was one of the prizes. I suppose we should have tried to keep a professional distance from the goings-on by we didn't. We never did. We enjoyed our work. Of course in the article we would make out that we found it all dirty and disgusting but in truth we enjoyed every minute of it and took part in everything. Ray Chatman fucked Maggie and also arise fucked the tranny. The News of the World hierarchy knew full well what went on but didn't care.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

FEBRUARY 11, 1979 — BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY PAPER — No. 7,051 — PRICE 12p

The dirty dogs who raffled this girl

What a squalid carry-on upstairs at the Wheatsheaf

PARTY pub: The Wheatsheaf in Tooting Bec

PARTY boss Mr Murphy

PARTY girl Maria and Tony Brown, one of the organisers

PARTY girl Margaret: She was the prize

THE NIGHT THEY RAFFLED MAGGIE

JUST after midnight, the squalid sex party upstairs at The Wheatsheaf pub was interrupted by the announcement of the raffle results.

REPORT by Ray Chapman
PICTURES by Ian Cutler

Ray Chapman fucked the raffled girl and also arse fucked the tranvestite

....The Vilest Creatures of All was the title of a story we ran on a homosexual bondage orgy in a cellar. They weren't vile of course, they were just a group of gays doing what gays do naturally. But this was 1979 when 'gays' were still called 'queers'. Trevor Kempson wrote the story and I took the pictures. Trevor was head of vice investigations, a position to which he was well suited. I lost sight of him for a wile and when I spied him next he was hanging by his testicles with a big grin on his face. He always enjoyed the perks of his investigation but later paid the ultimate price when he died of AIDS. I liked Trevor, he didn't deserve to go out that way.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

IN 27 YEARS INVESTIGATING CORRUPTION, THESE ARE THE VILEST CREATURES OF ALL

Trevor Kempson was found hanging by his testicles and apparently loved it !

Patients who get sick of visitors

SHOCK REPORT By Trevor Kempson

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

DANGER

ILLEGAL

Duty

Scandal of the 5,000 Sex Parlours was a story that ran in 1975 about massage parlours fronting prostitution. Me, Trevor Kempson and Ray Chatman investigated 15 parlours and found whores working in all of them. Fortunately I was getting £3,000 expenses for this investigation so I could enjoy myself with the girls. In addition to the girls, Ray fucked a tranny called 'Abigail'.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

SCANDAL OF THE 5,000 SEX PARLOURS

The law has not touched these phoney massage shops we exposed in 1975: they are still in business

The more you pay, the more you get said Jane

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

We all helped ourselves, to these girls and Ray Chapman fucked Abbigail who was a tranvestite

Scandal of Jane and the 5,000 massage parlour girls

IT WAS CHRISTMAS

The seamy side of the street . . . A

THE AMAZING

By Tina Gaigelsh and Liz Rochford

So-handy Brendan works for our MPs

shock investigation by News of the World girl reporters

DIRTY WORLD OF 'SEX FOR SALE' CALL BOYS

Three of these guys were in on it

They offer massage plus extras to rich women

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

NEWS OF THE WORLD

GIRL REPORTERS AND THE SEX-FOR-SALE CALL BO

Who Do You Think You Are Kidding Mr. Awin? - This was another escort agency story. Ray Chatman wanted to see Awin prosecuted for living of immoral earnings. I said "Ray, you have been in prison yourself. I don't want to put him in prison. He is only doing the same as we are doing anyway. We are no better than he is". But Ray insisted in getting the police involved saying it was what Murdoch liked.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

"NEWS OF THE WORLD, January 11, 1970

THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE 'INNOCENT' ESCORT AGENCIES

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE KIDDING, MR AWIN?

LONDON escort agencies put up a squeal of indignation after an Old Bailey jury were told that nine out of ten escort girls are prostitutes.

The allegation came from Josephine Flynn, one of two escort agency bosses subsequently convicted on charges involving prostitution.

"We're not like that," claimed other agencies.

Mr Edgar Awin, who runs several escort agencies, including the Aristocratic, was asked on television how he could ensure that he operates without prostitutes.

"It's very simple," he said.

"All you have to do is find out what other jobs a girl has. If she has another job, then she doesn't have to be a prostitute."

He added that all his girls treated escort work as a part-time job and that he could soon check them out.

Who does Mr Awin think he's kidding?

After the Old Bailey case, News of the World reporters hired out six girls for an evening from three agencies, one of Mr Awin's among them.

The result: All six girls

By Ray Chapman

readily offered sexual services.

Four of the girls said they got only £2 or £3 of the £12 to £15 paid to the agency bosses by customers. This scarcely covered the cost of taxis to their appointments. The other girls received £5.

For sex, they said they charged anything from £20 to £30, depending on the time involved.

The first call to Mr Awin's Aristocratic agency resulted in an 11 p.m. meeting in the Cumberland Hotel with Cynthia Sach, a former model.

The fee to the agency was £14.

Over dinner, Cynthia said she was a secretary for a recording company.

Later she said she would make love for £20.

A second girl was arranged during a visit to Mr Awin's office in York Street, in the West End of London. Told that a dinner escort was required, he suggested a girl named Melissa and asked for a £14 introduction fee.

Drinks

That evening, Melissa Hearn arrived at the rendezvous, a bar at the Cumberland Hotel.

Over drinks, she said that she was a 38-year-old divorcee.

After about an hour, Melissa voluntarily offered sex for money and asked if they could go to a hotel room. She added: "I expect you to be generous to me."

The Knightsbridge Agency is run by Mr Richard Manning and his wife.

Mr Manning says his girls sign an agreement saying that they will not have sex with customers. He would be amazed if his girls were prostitutes.

Who does Mr Manning think he is kidding?

When our reporters booked escorts from him, he recommended two girls who both willingly offered sex for sale.

The first was 23-year-

based living in Hertford and that she spoke seven languages.

In straightforward English, she

"The naughtier I more it will cost y I think all me naughty ladies, they."

"I love doing a of things. I can a man in any w likes. That's why I'm here.

"I have a very nice figure. 36-22-35. My breasts don't look that big at the moment because I'm not wearing a bra.

"You feel so much freer not wearing a bra. I'm wearing very little underneath my dress."

Back at the hotel, Lydia said: "Look, how much will you pay me to stay?

The second of Mr Manning's escorts was Joanna Smith, who said that she had worked for his

night, the fee is normally between £20 and £40."

The date with Joanna arose after a visit to the agency's office near the Albert Hall. Our reporter was told there to ignore a book showing names and pictures of the escort girls. "We have just the girl for you," he was told.

At the Dial A Date agency, a woman named Michele Hart, who organ-

prostitutes: "If ever I had a complaint that one of my girls was a prostitute, she would be sacked

Singer

The receptionist said that it would cost £15 for an introduction. After being given the money, she called in a girl she introduced as Gwen Jones.

Outside and in a taxi, Gwen suggested a restaurant in Bayswater.

Over drinks and dinner, Gwen said she was a

a taxi, Gwen said: "I don usually charge £40 for sex. But because I've had such a nice time, I'll cut it

she was interested in sexual activity, she declared.

"It will cost you £60 for a few hours but if you want to stay all night, it will cost £80," Kerry said.

"Tonight, I've got a baby sitter and I wouldn't be able to stay until the morning, but if you like, I can ask the agency to fix you up with

you for the whole night.

"I promise you I won't sleep. I never can in strange beds."

sex yes, especially sweetens the pot."

Said Mr Richard Manning: "I shall naturally find out what happened. And if you are right I will sack those girls.

"I'd be very surprised if our girls indulged in sex, because they don't. We have a document saying they don't."

Said Miss Michele Hart: "None of the girls

Pix IAN CUTLER

ESCORT GIRL Gwen Jones: "Is £30 too much?"

ESCORT GIRL Cynthia Sach: Love for £20

Ray Chapman dung funnelled these girls and I fucked them.

Boss Manning: "Amazed."

VICE QUEEN AT THE PALACE

From Page 1

1971 at 9.30 p.m. Evening Dress, Decorations, Uniform, for Service Attaches." She added:

"I was given written instructions to speak when spoken to, to wear gloves when being presented to the Royal Family and to curtsey.

We met at the Ambassador's home in Knightsbridge for drinks before we went to the Palace.

When I was presented to Prince Philip, Alexander introduced me as his fiancee.

He asked Alexander, 'When are you going to tie the knot?' Alexander was speechless.

The Prince then turned to me and said, 'There are no doubts, I hope.'

Remembering that I could speak when I was spoken to, I said, 'I hope not.'

We then all laughed and the Prince moved on.

Swooped

Within a year after that royal night out, Josephine became involved in a business liaison which ended with her standing in the dock at the Old Bailey last week on vice charges.

With her in the dock was 33-year-old Peter Utal. He was jailed for 18 months for living on the earnings of prostitution.

Josephine was fined £500 and given a 12 months' suspended jail sentence after admitting four charges of exercising control over prostitutes.

At their first meeting Josephine agreed to open an escort agency with Utal.

Utal has already been exposed by the News of the World as an evil man intent on making a fortune from near-for-sale escort girls.

Together, Utal and Josephine opened the Mayfair Escort Agency, with an office in fashionable Berkeley Mews.

Pictures by

Ray Chapman did this girl anally and Boss Manning was convicted and jailed over this story.

What Goes On Behind The Bars At no.58b? - Me and Trevor Kempson went to the Earls Court area to investigate a BDSM dungeon run by a woman called Maryanne Sinclair. Again Trevor was right at home on this case. He plated the woman (one partner lies face up on the floor with a plate of glass over their face, and the other shits on the glass), got himself arse whipped and hung up by his prick. Trevor loved every minute of it. I liked Trevor because he was fun.

He put his duty before love:

NEWS OF THE WORLD

JANUARY 9, 1977 — WORLD'S LARGEST SUNDAY SALE — No. 6,943 — PRICE 10p

ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE

WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE BARS AT NUMBER 58b

MARIANNE ST CLAIRE is one of Britain's most evil women. She makes her fortune from perverts who flock to her expensive home at Earl's Court, London.

She has turned one ground-floor room into a torture chamber, equipped to rival the Spanish Inquisition.

There, she delights in putting victims through excruciating agonies, like stretching them on a rack and pouring hot wax on them.

Mrs St Claire says she is 22 years old and has vital statistics of 39-24-37.

After information had been given to the News of the World, we began investigating the trade she carries on in the garden flat, which is part of her home at 58b Eardley Crescent, near Earl's Court Exhibition Hall.

SPECIAL REPORT by Trevor Kempson

Pictures: Ian Cutler

She refuses to give her real name to male clients and instructs them to call her Mistress Susan.

Victims enter through a red door on which a sign warns: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Visitors are quoted a price list for services ranging from £3 to £30.

There is a two-way mirror in the torture chamber wall.

And while unsuspecting clients are being whipped, stretched on the rack or are performing sexual acts with Mrs St Claire, another paying customer can watch secretly from the next bedroom.

Sometimes she has four clients in the flat together.

Dungeon

While one lies trussed in leather harness in the dungeon, she fits

"I've got a genuine Hoodoos outfit if you like that sort of kick," said Mrs St Claire.

A while riding one! hung next to a pair of stirrups, sets of spurs, a ball and chain, handcuffs, masks and boxing gloves.

Whips

Whips, canes and rubber replicas of male and female genitals also on display.

At the end of a flowered divan was a highly po set of stocks a whipping stool.

A vertical rack against the brick patterned wall.

Pix IAN CUTLER

Discreetly curtained windows at 58B that hide a torture chamber

We expose an evil woman

private business—nothing to do with the newspapers or the public."

"You'll cause a lot of trouble and a lot of ill-health if you put my

TREVOR KEMPSON PLATED THIS GIRL AND WAS THEN HUNG UP BY HIS PRICK AND HAS HIS ARSE WHIPPED!!

Rare stories that were actually true:

The English Angels of Bethlehem - I visited Bethlehem in 1979 to photograph aid workers who were caring for children injured in the Israeli Occupation. With something as fundamental as the inhumane treatment of children I expected Rupert to be keen to run the article. However to my surprise he threw it out saying "Get out there and photograph more cunt Cutler". All he seemed interested in for the News of the World was titillating sex stories and sleaze. I eventually got him to run the story in the Sun.

Under the shadow of the guns, eight women bring hope to heartbreak children

THE ENGLISH ANGELS OF BETHLEHEM

Christmas is a time of fear

IN THIS holy place, where a child was born one Christmas Day, young faces smile in the shadow of guns.

Their smiling eyes, in these last days of the Year Of The Child, underline the simple appeal of the Man who was born in Bethlehem: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Pictures by IAN CUTLER

An Israeli soldier guards the Christmas peace

The Grotto where the baby Jesus is said to have been born

Pix IAN CUTLER

Smiles in Manger Square: Paula Clark cuddles crippled Raid

Uneasy neighbours . . . angel Lynne Smith and orphan Maysoun meet the army

THIS WAS A CHRISTMAS STORY
THAT THE NEWS OF THE SCREWES
REJECTED, SAYING:
"GET OUT OF THERE AND PHOTOGRAPH
MORE CUNT CUTLER!!"

Death Blitz Hits London - In the 1970s the IRA exploded several devices in London. This was just one of the gruesome scenes I had to photograph. On this occasion the IRA had placed three time bombs at telephone exchanges in London. In one of the explosions George Arthur (34), a post office telephonist, was killed.

Daily Mirror

EUROPE'S BIGGEST DAILY SALE

Sp Wednesday, December 18, 1974 No. 22,055

Hero is killed as three bombs leave a trail of terror

DEATH BLITZ HITS LONDON

A MAN was killed and five others were injured when a three-bomb terror blitz hit London's West End last night.

The man died seconds after spotting a parcel bomb on the steps of the telephone exchange where he worked.

He was trying to move it away when it went off in his face, killing him instantly.

If was the third blast within an hour—a wave of indiscriminate bombings that Scotland Yard's Bomb Squad has feared as an answer to Britain's tough IRA round-up.

BLAST ONE followed a telephone warning to the Daily Mirror.

A woman said that a bomb had been planted at a telephone exchange in Derwent Avenue Chelsea.

Minutes later a package strapped to a motorbike exploded.

Force

Three policemen who had been clearing the area were taken to hospital with ear injuries and cuts.

BLAST TWO brought terror to Shaftesbury Avenue, London's theatre land.

The force of the blast catapulted a nearby car on to another parked vehicle.

The bomb had been left near the exit of the Queen's Theatre where hundreds of theatregoers could have walked into the blast.

Miraculously, no one was hurt.

BLAST THREE, the [illegible] bomb in Central London, exploded in Chenies Street [illegible]

By PHILIP MELLOR, TERRENCE O'HANLON, JACK McEACHRAN, TOM MERRIN & JOHN PENROSE

telephonist George Arthur, of Kingsmead Road, Tulse Hill.

Another Post Office worker was badly injured and a policeman who was checking cars was also hurt.

Tom Jackson, leader of the Post Office Workers' Union, later visited the scene of the Chenies Street blast.

Close to tears, Mr. Jackson said:

"This is an absolute bloody outrage. One of my blokes has been killed, and another seriously injured.

But postmen will carry on working as they have always done.

If the IRA think they are going to bomb telephonists and postmen out of their jobs, then they had better think again."

But how do you cope with a man who lays a bomb in a doorway and presses the button, hoping someone will answer?

Assistant Police Commissioner Colin Woodward last night: "They are going from [illegible] boxes to telephone exchanges. They are trying to foul up communications."

Commander Robert Huntley, head of the bomb squad, said early today: "There is a strong possibility that whoever planted the bomb rang the doorbell to get someone to the door.

"It was spotted and exploded almost immediately.

"There was no warning in the normal sense of the word."

He said that the Chelsea bomb was about 2lb, and the Shaftesbury Avenue bomb was a 3lb parcel planted near a car.

Senior detectives last night feared that the explosions would follow last years Christmas pattern, when two postal bombs went off on December 17 followed by two car bombs the following day.

There were daily discoveries of letter or parcel bombs until Christmas Day. Several people were injured.

VICTIM: Still clutching a satchel which he was carrying when the bomb went off, a man injured in the Chenies Street telephone exchange blast is taken to an ambulance.

Picture by IAN CUTLER

First picture of the most wanted girl in Britain—Centre Pages

Backlash Bomb Rips Kilburn Irish Pub - This happened in December 1975. The Protestant Ulster Defence Association (UDA) had planted a bomb in Biddy Mulligan's Pub in Kilburn, north London. The pub was a favourite with Catholic IRA sympathisers. I had met some people while in prison who told me something like this was about to happen soon.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

DECEMBER 21, 1975 WORLD'S LARGEST SUNDAY SALE No. 6,889

Month's lull ends in blast at Biddy Mulligan's

BACKLASH BOMB RIPS KILBURN IRISH PUB

Our men did it the UDA boast

SIX people were hurt last night when a backlash bomb blasted a North London pub used by IRA sympathisers.

And early today the Protestant Ulster Defence Association in Belfast admitted responsibility for the blast at Biddy Mulligan's bar in Kilburn.

They said the bombing was carried out by a UDA "associate unit" in England as a reprisal against IRA Provisionals.

ARGUMENT

The blast, which broke a month-long lull in bombings in London, tore out half the ground floor at the four-storey pub, damaged flats above and broke windows along both sides of the busy street.

The bomb was believed to have been left in a bag outside the pub, in the heart of London's Southern Irish community.

The bar on the corner of Kilburn High Road and Willesden Lane, was being cleared as the bomb exploded. The injured were hit by flying glass and debris as they fled.

Police moved in after a telephone caller said the bomb had been planted.

A Scotland Yard official said: "The caller didn't say who was responsible."

Barman Jim McAugherty said that half an hour before the explosion his boss, landlord John Constantine argued fiercely with a customer who had a Northern Ireland accent.

SUITCASE

were not collecting in the pub tonight."

The UDA's admission that they were to blame came from a source close to the Loyalist Army Council, which has the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Red Hand Com-

was likely to be centred around the border areas of Northern Ireland with the Provo stronghold of South Armagh as a prime target.

The reprisals started in Ireland less than 24 hours before the

ing was the 58th in London in two years.

The last serious blast was at Walton's Restaurant in Chelsea where two people were killed and 20 injured on November 18.

CARDS

pub wasn't crowded.

"But we did have quite a lot of elderly people sitting playing cards and dominoes."

His wife, Clare, 22, who was working in an upstairs bar at the pub said: "After the bang the place shook

with an 83-year-old woman, Mrs Eve Attway, but neither she nor I were hurt.

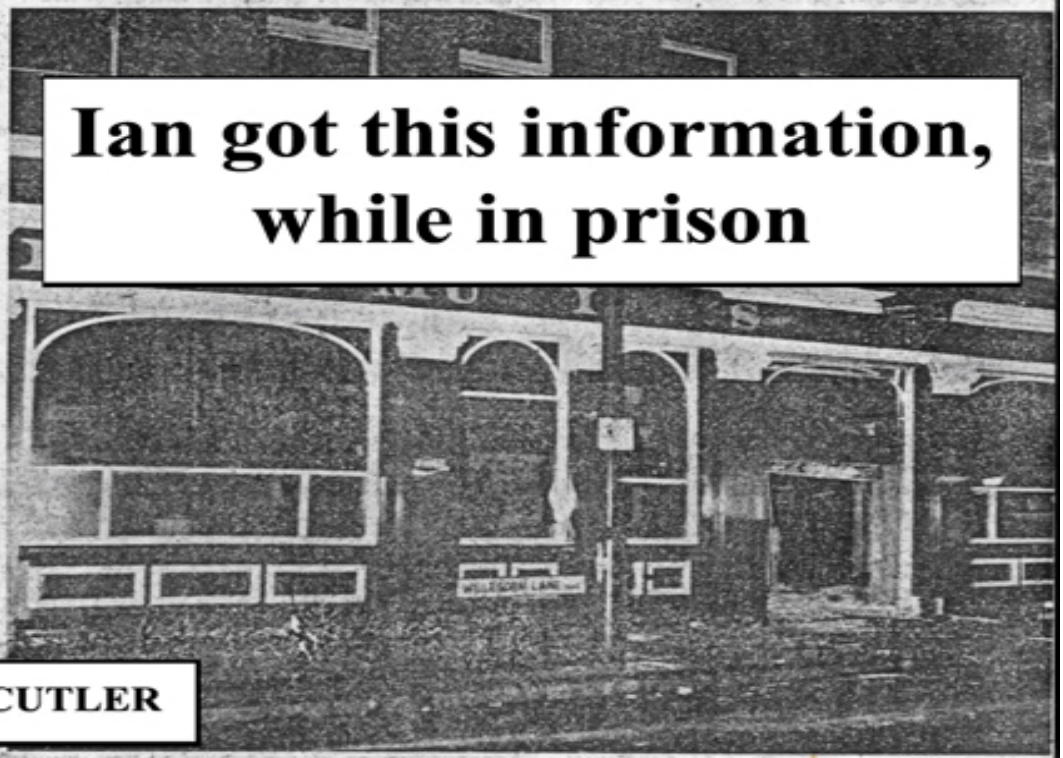
"There were slabs of concrete everywhere.

"Luckily it was a fairly quiet evening. There were only about

in a neck wound. H sat, bandaged, wit his heavily blooc stained shirt open t the waist.

He had been nea the doorway of th pub with two friends– both of whom wer also injured — whe the wall adjoining th

Ian got this information, while in prison



● IT is a scene by now all too familiar in

Pix IAN CUTLER

Chapter 4 - We Had Fun Exposing the Vice Spots

Trevor Kempson, Clive Cook, Ray Chapman and Ian Cutler

In March 1977, Ray Chapman, Clive Cook, Tina Dalgleish and myself spent some three weeks undercover, investigating the seedy side of some posh Mayfair Clubs.

There were many lovely girls on offer at the clubs and we reporters indulged heavily, especially Ray <gearbox> Chapman who went through each girl one by one, both gearbox and dirtbox.

Trevor Kempson

Trevor Kempson had given me the assignment with instructions to dig the dirt on Bertie and Harry Meadows, who he knew were running the clubs as a front for prostitution. They personally ran the 21 Club and Churchill's in Bond St, London W1.

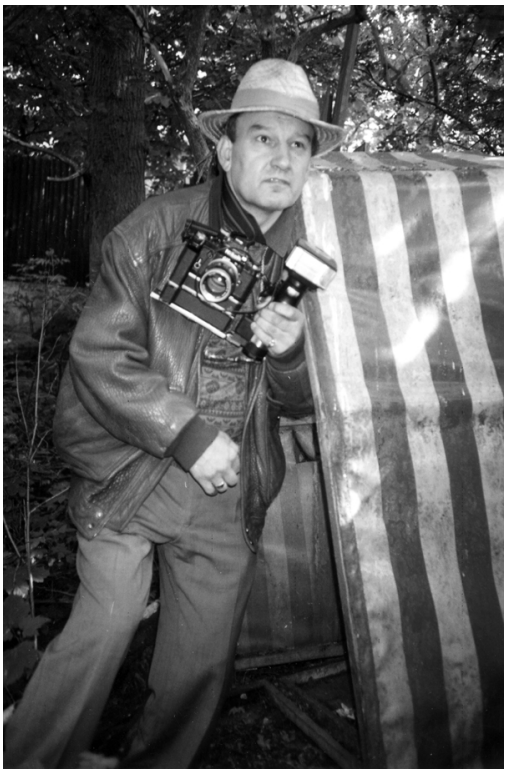
Trevor was not against vice or prostitution and regularly paid to take out many of the girls who Bertie and Harry employed. The reason Trevor was so pissed off at them was that they had knowingly sold him a girl with AIDS - a sick sense of humour with a vengeance.

Ray Chatman

The perfect Camera Assassin, I obtained photographic evidence of Bertie and Harry Meadows' illegal activities.

Ray Chapman and me wrote up the story and fucked any of the girls we took a fancy to.

I would often lie in wait for London's low life and take pictures of them from my own G.P.O tent.



Ian Cutler with his famous G.P.O. tent used on stake outs as featured in the BBC documentary series 40 Minutes “Sex, drugs and the vicar” a day in the News of the World.
Rupert didn’t like me being on T.V.

Lid Off West End Vice Spots was a the story we ran. We all fucked these beautiful girls.

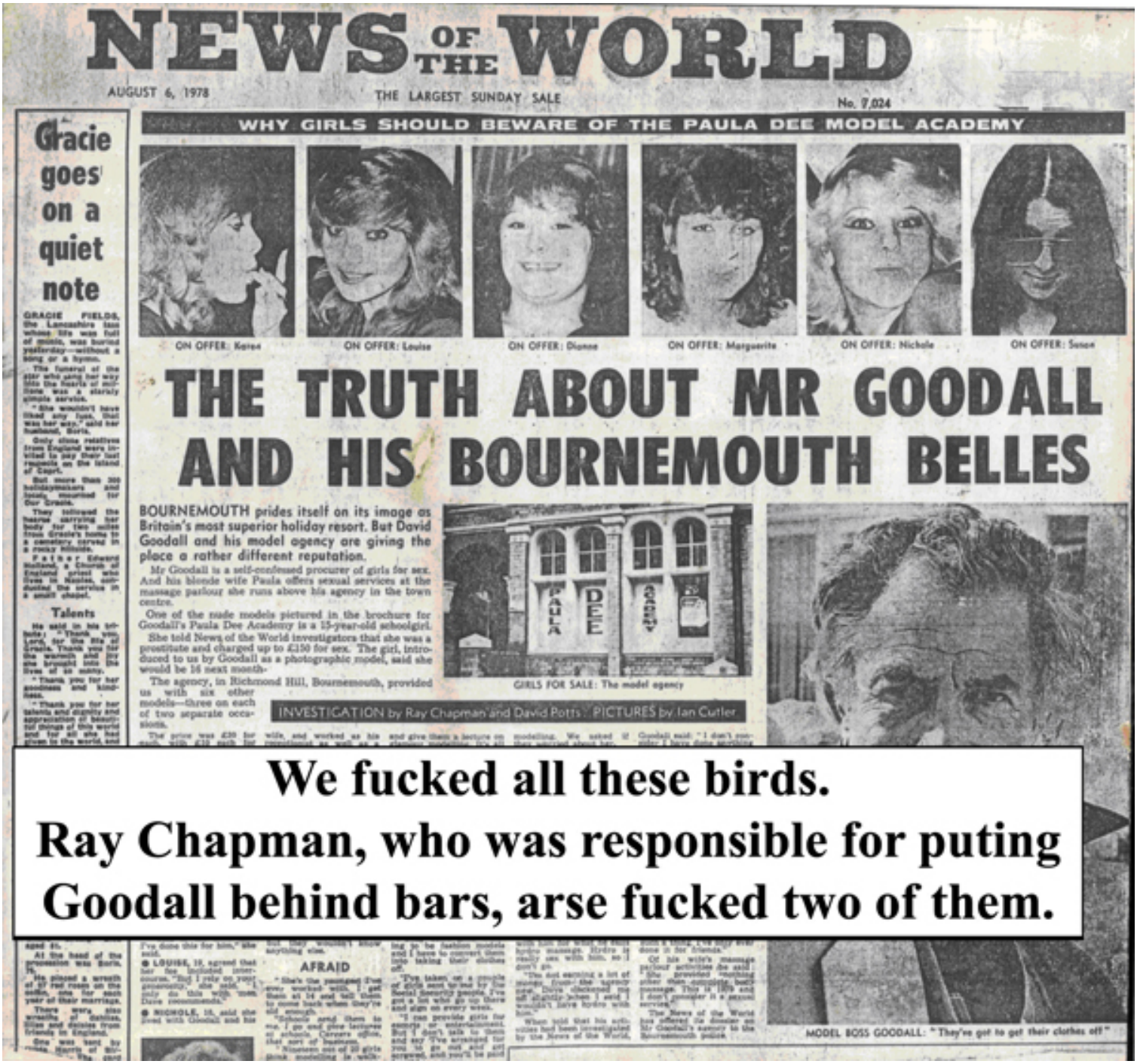
NEWS OF THE WORLD
MARCH 30, 1977
THE LARGEST SUNDAY SALE
No. 4,950
We expose the vice girls of Mayfair's posh clubs
The News of the World exposes vice at top West End clubs
The News of the World
lifts the lid off six West End vice spots
Andrea bares all in the line of duty
The first time is tough. But when you see the money in your hand it's easier to do.
I choose you for the customer. At the end of the evening he'll want to take your pants off.
What's £50 for half an hour in bed? It's a slice off a loaf. Not missed.
We all fucked these beautiful girls
NEXT WEEK
Further revelations
Pix IAN CUTLER

21 club - a top club in Park Lane, London.
Trevor Kempson, Clive Cook, Ray Champman and myself fucked hundreds of birds in this club for 8 years until the brothers, Bertie & Harry Meadows gave Trevor aids.

Trevor told me that Ray Chapman had dung funnelled (arse fucked) three of the birds employed by Bertie and Harry whilst on the Job - the writing job that is. Some of the information in the story which the News of the World published was used by the police in their own investigations and Bertie and Harry Meadows were ultimately convicted of running a disorderly house. The clubs went out of business, so we helped assassinate at least some of Bertie and Harry's businesses.

In the December of 1990, Trevor died of AIDS. Rupert was upset. I was very sorry that my good mate died so painfully and I was glad that I helped convict Bertie and Harry Meadows who died not long after. AIDS?

The Truth About Mr. Goodall and his Bournemouth Belles: Me and Chapman were sent on an assignment to Bournemouth. The story appeared as “The Truth About Mr. Goodall and his Bournemouth Belles.”



NEWS OF THE WORLD

AUGUST 6, 1978 — THE LARGEST SUNDAY SALE — No. 7,024

WHY GIRLS SHOULD BEWARE OF THE PAULA DEE MODEL ACADEMY

ON OFFER: Karen — ON OFFER: Louise — ON OFFER: Dianne — ON OFFER: Marguerite — ON OFFER: Nichole — ON OFFER: Susan

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR GOODALL AND HIS BOURNEMOUTH BELLES

BOURNEMOUTH prides itself on its image as Britain's most superior holiday resort. But David Goodall and his model agency are giving the place a rather different reputation.

Mr Goodall is a self-confessed procurer of girls for sex. And his blonde wife Paula offers sexual services at the massage parlour she runs above his agency in the town centre.

One of the nude models pictured in the brochure for Goodall's Paula Dee Academy is a 15-year-old schoolgirl.

She told News of the World investigators that she was a prostitute and charged up to £150 for sex. The girl, introduced to us by Goodall as a photographic model, said she would be 16 next month.

The agency, in Richmond Hill, Bournemouth, provided us with six other models—three on each of two separate occasions.

GIRLS FOR SALE: The model agency

INVESTIGATION by Ray Chapman and David Potts PICTURES by Ian Cutler

MODEL BOSS GOODALL: "They've got to get their clothes off"

Gracie goes on a quiet note

GRACIE FIELDS, the Lancashire lass whose life was full of music, was buried yesterday—without a song or a hymn.

Talents

We fucked all these birds.

Ray Chapman, who was responsible for puting Goodall behind bars, arse fucked two of them.

Posing as ‘punters’ we got the owner of the “high class model agency” to admit his girls were for sale. One of them, it transpired, was only 15. The whole conversation was taped. But the office wanted further confirmation from one of the girls, so the next day we were duly sent back again. We paid our expense account money and Chapman chose the 15-year-old who he promptly sodomised.

Unfortunately, he had forgotten to turn off the tape and the whole anal rape (rape in the legal sense of being underage, not of being unwilling) was there for everyone to hear. He quickly destroyed the tape, after letting colleagues in the office listen to it. I remember that the child did not particularly enjoy the ‘interview’.

The next day the police came to take the statement. Chapman gave them the first tape concerning the interview with the boss, but could not produce the second. Mr. Goodall had directly accused him of sodomising the 15-year-old but Chapman was able to wriggle out of it. Chatman subsequently went on to give evidence at Goodall’s trial where he was convicted. We had both fucked his girls and I hadn't wanted him to go to prison.

Victor Andretti´s Club - Ray Chapman and I were making love to a woman, at Victor Andretti’s club in Hampstead, (Vic was formerly an undisputed boxing champion who never lost a fight), I was trunging away up her pussy, while Ray was doing the same woman anally, then Ray stuck his fingers up my arse. At first I thought it was the girl, (Pat), but it was dirt box Chapman so I shouted out 'Get off Ray, Fuck off'. Ray replied 'I thought it was the girl’s arse.' I said 'Fuck off you cunt'.

My picture with Ray <Gearbox Chapman (hiding behind the camera cocked up).
Rupert had a laugh at this. I fucked these girls!!

Knowing Too Much: Chapman remained at the News of the World for so long because he knew so much about the sex antics of the others and they were scared to let him go. His payoff would have run into six figures. Towards the end he spent most of his time drinking tea and passing on his “expertise” to the younger reporters.

To mark the 150th anniversary of the New of the World, former NoW staffers, Roy Stockdill and Cyril Bainbridge wrote a book called "150 Years - The News of the World - Stories". it is subtitled, “The Stories, The Scandals, The History” and tells a sanitised story of the cosy Archers-style life of the office, and heralds its many triumphs. It portrays Ray Chapman as "the Man Who Turned Down Sex With Xavier Hollander". It does not recall the late Trevor Kempson’s aside to his colleagues when he described Chapman as a “Dung Funneller”. Believe me, there is a lot they never told so I am telling it now.

Chapter 5 - My time In Uganda

Idi Amin Dada (c. 1924 to 2003) was the military dictator and third President of Uganda from 1971 to 1979. Amin's rule was characterised by gross human rights abuse, political repression, ethnic cleansing, extrajudicial killings, nepotism, corruption, and gross economic mismanagement. Dissent within Uganda and Amin's attempt to annex the Kagera province of Tanzania in 1978 led to the Uganda-Tanzania War and the demise of his regime. Amin fled to exile in Libya and later moved to Saudi Arabia where he lived until his death on 16th August 2003.

Over a period of several years, both before and during the ghastly regime of Idi Amin, I had some kind of devious business relationship with the government of Uganda and made several business trips out there. Planning one of those trips, I saw the opportunity to have all my expenses paid for by the News of the World and persuaded Michael Parker (of the Gay YMCA story) and Gerry Brown, to help me get sponsored.

We sold the story on a simple brief to “expose the horrors of living under Amin”. In those war torn days it was impossible to fly into Kampala, the capital city of Uganda, so we used the airport at Nairobi, Kenya. This involved us in a 300 mile drive but it was the only way. We would often break our journey in a Kenyan town called Kisumu. As soon as we got to Kampala we used to set ourselves up in the only five star hotel that was still open for business.

On the first of these trips I took Parker with me. Rather than actually risk the notorious wrath of Amin’s secret police, we went direct to the hotel bar, where, over copious amounts of whatever spirits were still being served in that derelict country, we created a scene of gruesome carnage, As the booze went down, Parker wrote: 'The sky is clouded with vultures as unburied bodies pile up in the streets of the beleaguered capital'.

EXCLUSIVE - EXCLUSIVE - EXCLUSIVE - EXCLUSIVE
VULTURES OF UGANDA
MOB JUSTICE
17 roasted alive in Katwe
DRUNK SLEEPING !!!
From MIKE PARKER in Kampala
Pictures IAN CUTLER
THE MAN IS SLEEPING!!!
Mob Justice 17 Roasted Alive In Katwe FALSE !!!
VULTURES OF UGANDA FALSE !!
A sensational expose of the British press

This was' the drunk' referred to in 'Vultures of Uganda' story - supposedly a dying man! a dying man! Rupert laughed at this picture.

Apart from that, we rarely left the confine of the hotel, and only came back to London when our expenses were being questioned. For once the News of the World didn't believe us.

Upon our return we went off on a boozy bout with our old mate Craig McKenzie, to whom we confided all. Naturally we ended up in our favourite brothel, the Cabaret Cub.

There, presumably in his cups, McKenzie agreed to try and persuade his brother, then riding high as editor of the Sun, to run the story. On Craig's assurance that the story held up, Kelvin did so and we two conmen walked away with handsome cheques.

On my next trip I took Gerry Runcible Brown to do the 'real' story. Adjective-laden artistic license, we decided, was just not enough. We would have to find some convincing horror stories. And, of course, so we did. Gerry was a quite remarkable man. For a start, his drinking capacity was such that he completely humbles lightweight dipsomaniacs like Scallywag. He has been known, while 'on the job', to consume up to two or even three bottles of scotch a session while concocting his expenses for a seemingly ever-tolerant 'Screws' hierarchy.

Even more incredible was his capacity to get his end away with whatever pussy was available, even while surrounded by the sordid evidence of the empty bottles of his wretched debauchery. But there is something even more unimaginable and inconceivable, even preposterous, about the Runcible Super-loo which very, very nearly defies all rational and sagacious thinking. It is that, despite overwhelming evidence of his life-long depravity, he was actually taken seriously by his peers.

Gerry-can has written and published a book called "EXPOSED - Sensational True Story of Fleet Street Reporter" in which he not only pontificates about the glories of exposure journalism (with shining white armour gallivanting valiantly as the Great Crusader against universal sleaze) but tried to set himself up as the authentic mouthpiece of the exposure genre.

Indeed, so well-established as a spokesman of "freedom of speech" has he become that he was lauded in the Guardian by the editor-in-chief, Peter Preston no less, for his tenacious belief that if others are at it, it is up to Galahads like himself to tell the world about it.

But there was no one to tell the world about Gerald Runcible Brown or about just what he actually got up to when he took his trousers down, until now,

So here I am, a veteran snatch-man, ex-con, sexual athlete (I have screwed a thousand women in my sordid life) and self-confessed manipulator of the front page. I am here to re-write the Gerry-can memoirs.

Take for example, our different accounts of our trip to Uganda together. I had been there several times before. This particular visit occurred just after Idi Amin had been ousted by the Tanzanian army. According to Gerry's book, 'Exposed', Gerry-can, at the time a fearless freelance who wanted to put the world to rights, decided to go Uganda and took along "my photographer".

The fact is that I pay-rolled the whole trip to nearly a thousand pounds. I took him and picked up all the tabs. In fact at the time Gerry had a warrant out for his arrest. He had fled from Florida where he had been working for the notorious National Enquirer. It was, although the book skilfully doesn't mention it, just a little bit of a hurricane, something to do with serious driving offences while trying to escape with dodgy credit cards.

I knew we had to find something to take back to make the trip worthwhile. Gerry just got pissed and went along with the completely concocted fantasies. Everything that the Daily Mirror eventually published was invented in a haze of alcohol while we were, in reality, shagging everything in sight, black and white.

The truth of the matter is that at the time fearless Gerry-can was so completely drunk he did not know he was in Uganda. One morning, in a town called Kisumu, just over the Kenyan border, I went to wake him from his stupors in a brothel and found the intrepid hack completely covered in a mysterious black slime which looked like sick but had obviously emanated from the private parts of the whore.

It was quite incredible. When I pointed out to him that he was completely covered all over with his strange black spew he leapt out of bed thinking he had DT's. He tore his clothes off and ran screaming in a berserk fashion around the room. He threw all the sodden clothes into a corner and, completely demented and naked, he dived out into the street and found a nearby tap to wash himself off.

Ian Cutler in Uganda, sitting on Idi Amin's 'Throne'.

photo by Gerry Brown

When we had a post mortem on just what had afflicted him and asked an experienced Save the Children Fund worker, we were told that the whores in the town regularly went to a crack witch doctor before business each day. Apparently he concocted a brew of fried bat which he made into a sort of sickly porridge. The whores stuffed this up their fannies before sex to save them from VD and pregnancy. It was supposed to make their fannies smaller so, hopefully, making their clients' sex more enjoyable.

Frank and fearless Gerry-can's later highly accredited account of his daring and dashing visit to Kisumu, claimed he was dodging bullets from way-ward drunk Tanzanian troops who were raping and looting at will. As the sweat poured down his valiant brow he was ducking and diving wayward machine gun fire and, in the name of Queen, country, and his expense account, bringing home to millions of readers the 'real truth' about Amin's despotism.

Anyway, after our intrepid and daring hero had washed off the bat-spew, he naturally needed a drink to settle his nerves. This consisted of a full bottle of Johnny Walker before he decided he was fit enough to face the rest of his highly dangerous assignment.

Ironically this is the man who both the Evening Standard and the Guardian has called upon to crusade for "Freedom of Speech in the British Press".

In the words of Guardian editor-in-chief, Peter Preston, who reviewed Brown's book "It's the persona, the self-image that strikes you first: though, ripely humorous, lovable tacky, George Cole plays Robin Hood. Golden-hearted Gerry warns Frank Bough, the second time round, to stick to the straight and narrow.... But the other thing about Gerry Brown is his ferocious professionalism... the work is utterly painstaking... Brown puts the hours in as doggedly as any journalist around."

Amin's Crazy Nuclear Plot was a Fantasy - Worse was to come. The intrepid Gerry, while propped up in a bar, managed to expose Amin's plans to build an atomic bomb to take over the world. He would have people believe that he heroically penetrated, single-handed against vast odds, Amin's former Ministry of the Interior and looted the incredible plans of Amin's plot to 'Nuke' the world. This was, of course, on top of his complete fantasy, concocted the day before in the same bar, that Idi was a cannibal who kept the heads of his victims in a freezer.

We spent a month in Uganda investigating Amin's fallen regime. Not content with the real story, Gerry Brown and I falsified a story for the Daily Mirror, which ran for four days in May 1979. The false story claimed that Amin was planning a nuclear coup with the help of IRA and Palestinian terrorists; and that he was also organising a world drug ring. None of this was true of course. The codename given to the nuclear plot, Operation Poker, was a fake name fabricated by me. Gerry Brown went on to cash in on this story even further when he wrote his book about it.

According to Brown's book, "there was a file cover marked 'Operation Poker', written by one of Amin's insane policy advisors about how to acquire nuclear weapons and blackmail the rest of Africa and all of Europe."

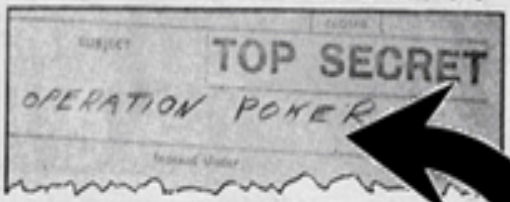
The truth is that we were in the bar and Gerry was completely drunk. We found some totally innocuous photo-stats of nothing in particular and I wrote "Top Secret" on the top and then, in biro, using the bar itself as a desk, I wrote "Operation Poker." I then photographed these documents as 'evidence'. But, in reality, we completely invented the whole scam. I rather resent being called 'one of Amin's insane policy advisors' but Gerry at the time was so far gone on the scotch that he probably truly believed it may even have happened.

DAILY Mirror

Thursday May 24, 1979 8p

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

The Mirror reveals . .



AMIN'S CRAZY NUCLEAR PLOT

POWER MAD: Deposed dictator Idi Amin

Idi digs in for his last battle

UGANDAN dictator Idi Amin planned a nuclear coup which would shake the world.

He launched an international operation to build up an arsenal of atomic bombs with the help of IRA and Palestinian terrorists.

The bombs were to be used to blackmail other countries into handing over power to Amin.

The extraordinary plot — codenamed Operation Poker — was uncovered from secret files abandoned by Amin last month as a force of Tanzanians and Ugandan rebels ended his eight-year rule.

Reporter Gerry Brown and photographer Ian Kellar were among the first outside observers to see the damning dossier. Their exclusive story for the Daily Mirror begins today.

It gives details of the plot to plant the bombs in major cities throughout the world—including Moscow. The Mirror will also:

DISCLOSE the secret orders that set up sex and drug nights at Amin's private lodge . . . and alert scores of girls to their deaths.

SHOW how the tyrant kept Uganda's economy afloat through international drug dealing.

● Mirror Comment—See Page 2.

- HE attempted to blackmail the world
- HE set up sex orgies at his lodge
- HE organised a world drug ring

By NICHOLAS DAVIES
Foreign Editor

[illegible]

Chase

[illegible]

Oh baby! Rod's a star pop

By TOM MORRIS

[illegible]

Picture: KENT GAVIN

SECRET FILES OF THE MAD DICTATOR Pages 15, 16, 17

I forged this document.

We then went out to photograph two suitable buildings which might conceal both a nuclear reactor and a freezer and then invented the most incredible ‘eye witness’ reports of these atrocities.

DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, May 24, 1979 PAGE 15

SECRET FILES OF THE MAD DICTATOR

Gerry Brown opens the dossier of death dumped by Amin

FORTRESS OF FEAR: The State Research Centre which yielded its grim secrets after the overthrow of Amin.

SEARCHING: Gerry Brown sifts the evidence.

How I discovered the horror of Big Daddy's wicked reign

I SPENT three weeks in Uganda and Kenya, investigating the nightmare of Idi Amin's regime.

Page by page the secret files of the depraved dictator revealed the full horror of the past eight years in Uganda.

Fresh reports of atrocities committed by "Big Daddy" Amin's fleeing troops were still coming into Kampala as photographer Ian Cutler and I began to piece together the sinister picture.

At State House, Entebbe, I spoke to officials of the new Uganda government, many of them former exiles still shocked that their worst fears were being confirmed.

Our search of the files at Amin's command post, his luxurious fortified home in Kampala, was delayed while troops dealt with an unexploded grenade unearthed by Ian Cutler as he cleared one set of files from a desk.

Two days of searching in the bloodstained offices of the secret police headquarters, the State Research Centre, unearthed the most damning evidence—evidence shared by other searchers, including an American Intelligence officer who was stunned by what he saw.

Outside, Tanzanian guards held back a pathetic group of Ugandans who wanted to look for themselves in the hope of finding some scrap of paper which would give a clue to the death of a loved one.

As we drove the 150 miles back to Kenya, officials of the new government were pleading with thousands of frightened refugees to go back to their homes.

They told the refugees: "There are no policemen on the streets who will arrest you or kill you now. The dictator is gone. It's all over."

PICTURES by IAN CUTLER

PLEASE TURN TO CENTRE PAGES

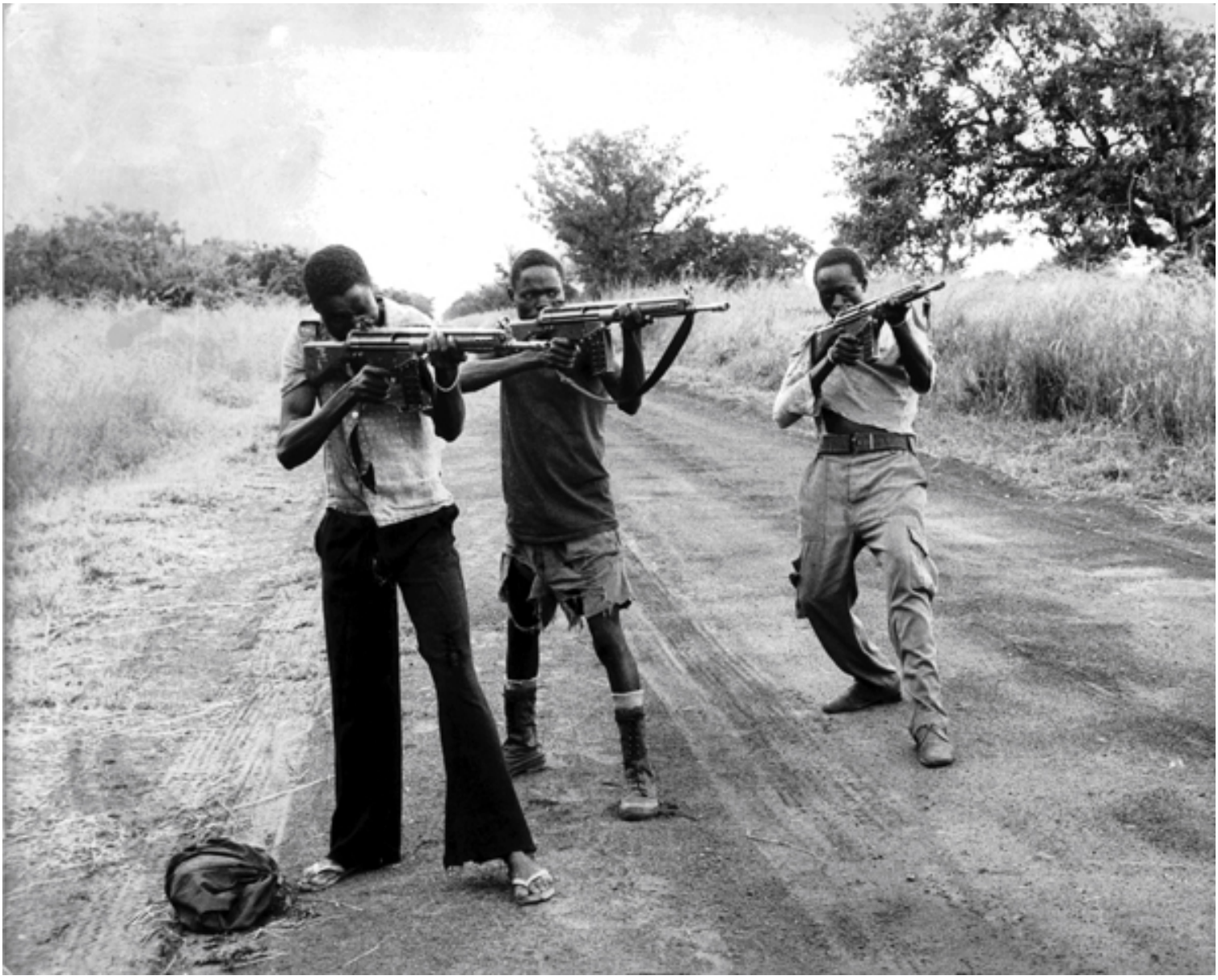
EXCHANGE & MART 15p EVERY THURSDAY

Pick up a copy
Pick up a bargain

A Link House Group Publication

Me at the frontline by an overturned tank tank

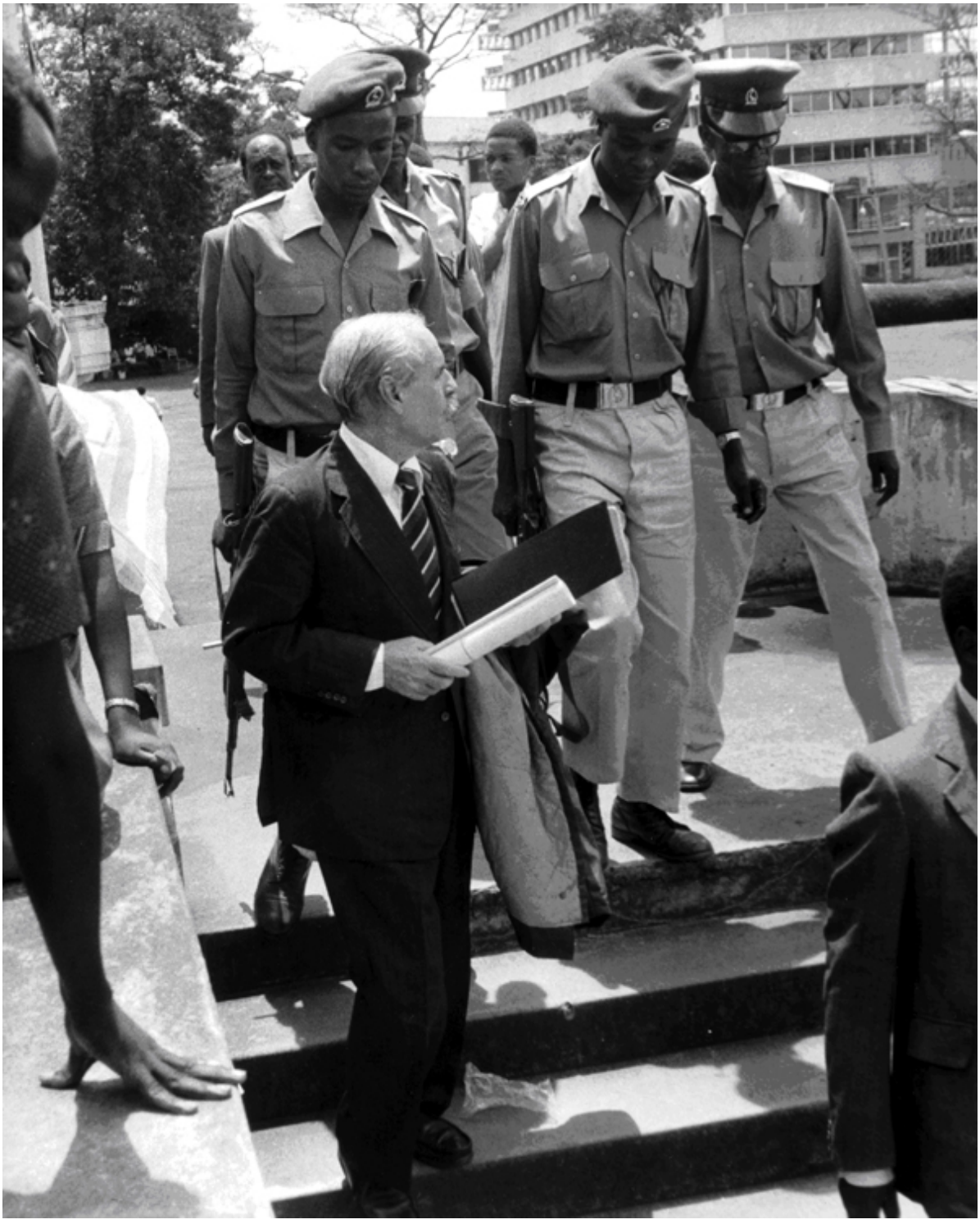
Nevertheless I did do some real work while in Uganda. I even ventured down to the front line a couple of times but not while there was ant fighting going on of course. Didn't want to get my shoes dirty.



Idi Amin’s retreating 'Army'.ating 'Army'.

I would usually stay at the same hotel as the generals and would talk to them and get their stories but to be honest I was more interested in the cunt, not just black birds but white reporters too. I had a great time.

'Major' Bob Astles (born 1924) is a former British soldier and colonial officer who lived in Uganda and became an associate of presidents Milton Obote and Idi Amin. In 1975, Astles joined Idi Amin's service, becoming the head of the anti-corruption squad and advising the president on British affairs. He also presided over an aviation service that transported members of the government. Astles later said 'I kept my eyes shut, I said nothing about what I saw, which is what they liked'.



'Major' Bob Astles, Amin’s right-hand man.

What Astles did or did not do during Amin's brutal tenure is a matter of conjecture. He was feared, and considered by many to be a malignant influence on the dictator. Others thought he was a moderating presence. He came to be known as 'Major' Bob (the title of Major was given to him by Amin) or 'the White Rat'.

Following the Uganda-Tanzania War which led to the demise of Amin's regime in 1979, Astles fled to Kenya, but was brought back to Uganda to face criminal charges. He was imprisoned for his alleged association with Amin's security apparatus, and was charged with everything from murder and corruption to theft. I knew Astles well and gave a character reference at his trial. Though acquitted, he remained in Luzira Prison for over six years. Upon his eventual release in 1985 he returned to Britain.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

JUNE 1, 1980 — BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY PAPER — No. 7,118 — PRICE 18p

ALWAYS YOUR SUNDAY BEST

Exclusive: Face to face with Uganda's White Rat

THE CAGED BRITON

They could shoot me any day now says Amin's aide

THIS IS the haggard, frightened face of the man they call the White Rat of Uganda – Bob Astles the Briton who was aide to dictator Idi Amin.

By IAN CUTLER and MIKE PARKER

ASTLES: "I'm the only white man in this hell-hole"

JAILED AIDE TELLS HOW MAD IDI'S MEN KILLED DORA BLOCH

By MICHAEL PARKER and IAN CUTLER

BOB ASTLES, the British aide of Idi Amin, has revealed how he confronted the Ugandan tyrant after hearing the truth about murdered Entebbe hostage Dora Bloch.

ASTLES: "I face death any day"

MRS BLOCH: Mystery

Feared

Screams

I'm innocent but I'll die

SUICIDE

HELL-HOLE

Drug Smuggling: During my time in Uganda covering Idi Amin, I had made many contacts. One of these, Laurence, was up to every trick in the book. He shamelessly exploited the innate corruption during Amin's insidious reign.

Laurence with a genuinely dying Ugandan man in a serious, legitimate story.
I showed this picture to Paula Yates and told her that the editor and Murdoch wouldn't print it in the paper. She asked many questions about it. It was one year before Live Aid.

One day Laurence called me in London and said he had a airline pilot with Uganda Airways who was smuggling dope and wanted a market in London.

I immediately recruited Gerry-Can Brown and together we decided on a con. The News of the World empowered us to follow the story and try and meet the pilot and offer to buy the stuff from him.

We duly met up at a hotel near Victoria Station but the editor, probably suspicious of our antics, also assigned a veteran staffer, Bill Rankin, to oversee the whole story. Unlike Mount, Rankin was a completely straight operator. We four duly met up at the hotel and, to our amazement, the pilot plonked three kilos of the best cannabis in a bag on the table.

While the negotiations were going on between Brown and the pilot, I managed to surreptitiously, under the table, take two half kilo blocks from the bag and secrete it on my person. We then argued about payment and the pilot, a novice at smuggling, agreed to leave the drugs and return the following day for payment.

Back at the office the drugs were put in a safe pending analysis. Rankin was highly suspicious but by then I had temporarily disposed of the goods.

That night me and Brown retrieved kilo from the safe and sold it for £1000 to a dealer called Dirty John who was also a part-time blue movie model. We then went, as we often did, to the Cabaret Club in Bond Street to celebrate.

Chapter 6 - My Time In Northern Ireland

Gerald Runcible Brown was with me in Northern Ireland too. We were attached to the Welsh Guards, Prince of Wales Regiment, based in Crossmaglen, County Armagh. While I was getting the real stories from the boys, Gerry was hobnobbing with the officers. Gerry was pissed all the time.

Journalist Paul Kabos posed for pictures pretending he was an IRA terrorist and Rod Tyler and Rupert Murdoch said that they would be perfect. Gerry Brown is in the picture as well. However, fearing IRA reprisals, I pretended that the pictures never came out.

Paul Kabos

Cutler pretended that the pictures never came out, fearing IRA reprisals.

Photo by Ian Cutler

Murdoch knew the coffin man was really alive

Photo by Ian Cutler

Later Gerry-can wrote an article entitled: “FINES ARE JUST FINE BY ME”, with the strapline, ‘if self regulation is good enough for MPs, it’s good enough for me’. Gerry Brown, veteran of many a tabloid triumph, applauds the Government’s decision to shy away from privacy legislation.

Sir Gerry-can Lancelot fails to mention that when he was sent on an assignment by his then features editor Rod Tyler (expert on Caroline Thatcher’s geographical private parts) to Northern Ireland - ostensibly to find out how “our boys” would spend Christmas in a “no-go” area - he actually spent all but two hours, doggedly, either in the officer’s mess tanking it up, or in bed sleeping it off.

The missing two hours were when I took him to the nearest pub and he was so drunk he thought he was back in Uganda. This was his one and only ‘patrol’, yet his heroic forage into bandit country takes up a full chapter of the hackneyed “as I stood, the bullets were whizzing passed my ears” style of on-the-spot journalism in the book.

Obviously the publishers, Virgin Books, were impressed with Brown’s credentials. Enough, anyway, to write a blurb saying: “For over twenty-five years, Gerry Brown has been a top-class investigative journalist. He has trailed Idi Amin, sailed the Caribbean with the kidnappers of Ronnie Biggs, and lived in Hollywood, Ulster, the Middle East and Florida. He has worked for the BBC and World in Action: He has been threatened, punched and shot at”. There is then a further strap line which says, “Compulsive, witty, no-holds-barred - ‘Exposed’ is enough to give tabloid journalism a good name”.

Anyway, back to our Northern Ireland story. Gerry-can finally woke up sometime just before the New Year and asked where he was. When an officer told him he was in Northern Ireland Brown said, “Oh Shit, I’d better “phone the wife”.

For the two weeks we were in Crossmaglen, County Armagh, me and Gerry were guests of the Ministry of Defence. Gerry’s bar bill became a serious liability to the then Defence Minister who was, via the taxpayer, footing the bill for the wholly gross indulgences.

When Gerry Brown finally submitted his expenses at Bouverie Street, he added an extra thousand pounds for “necessary entertainment of contacts”. It went through without a murmur and our “utter professional” Runcible promptly went to the Printer’s Pie pub to celebrate the New Year.

Gerry-can's book lauds the talents of colleague Ray Chapman without revealing that 'Chappers' is married to a former prostitute who actually charges him a minimum £100 a time for anal intercourse which goes on his expenses as “costs of investigation at Companies House”.

Since I exposed Gerry in my magazine, Scallywag, he had to start working behind the scenes. Mazher Mahmoud started getting all the by-lines. This shot of Gerry was taken at Bisley rifle range in Surry and not in a “bullets whizzing past my ears” situation with Mahmoud as in Gerry’s obituary.

Photo by Ian Cutler

Ian Cutler and Gerry Brown faked stories, it was company policy.
Photo taken in Northern Ireland, with Welsh Guards in the background.

Colonel Charles Guthrie, (born 17 November 1938), now General Gutthrie and Baron of Craigiebank, GCB, LVO, OBE, DL was a real gentleman. In my picture below he is seen greeting Price Charles on a visit to Northern Ireland.

One day Gerry and me were flown to Belfast by helicopter. The IRA set of a bomb and seven guardsmen where killed. Colonel Guthrie asked me to photograph the corpses. He wanted people back home to understand what his men had to go through. One of the guardsmen was understandably upset about the whole bloody mess and told me, in no uncertain terms, what would happen to me if I didn't piss off and stop taking pictures.

When I reported this to the colonel he accompanied me back to the scene of carnage and told his men to cooperate. It was a much harder assignment for the solders than it was for Gerry and me.

A visit to Northern Ireland by Prince Charles.
Here he is being greeted by Colonel Guthrie who later became a
Knight and Chief of the British Military

Photo by Ian Cutler

Chapter 7 - Rampant Bonking at the News of the World

When Murdoch hired me as a News of the World photographer, he knew full well that I was an ex-criminal with a seedy and sleazy past. But so was pretty well everyone at the News of the World where I worked for some two decades. In fact, whole departments from lofty executives to lowly reporting hacks would all go bonking in the very establishments we were exposing.

Except for one club, the Cabaret Club in Old Bond Street. For many years while I was at the News of the World, me and Ray Chapman (the paper's longest serving reporter) had been putting the heat on this clip joint. The club was owned by a man called Toni Ingleman, who has a string of convictions for living off immoral earnings. If we took off the heat, Ingleman promised, he would let us visit the club for a taste of its delights whenever they liked. Obviously we took him up on his offer and so did most of the other staff members at the time, including the news editor, Alex Marunchak who worked at the News of the World between 1981 and 2006 and moonlighted as an Ukrainian interpreter for the Metropolitan Police for 20 years while still at the newspaper but that's another story.

The Cabaret Club turned into a bordello almost exclusively used by News of the World staffers. Nor did we confine ourselves to Bond street. Far from it. Me and Chapman probably had a thousand 'legovers' apiece during the late seventies and eighties. At least we were culpable many, many more times than the people we purported to expose. We also acted as procurers for several other members of staff, including some of the hierarchy. Me and Champman, acting openly as pimps for News of the World staffers, high and low, were paid in 'shifts' at £180 a time. At one stage both of us were doing nine 'shifts' a week. After a while we did not need to do any real work at all. Executives would sign the dockets automatically, and then go off to Toni's for a screw.

Over a very long period of time, Toni Ingleman's club put on orgies for the News of the World staff. All we had to do was to promise that the club would never be exposed.

Ian Cutler

After leaving the News of the World and setting up Scallywags magazine, I began to tell the truth of what really happened back then. It appears that after we published parts one and two of this story, where rat eats rat and then exposes himself, the Screws' took exception and began a harassment campaign of our outlets, printers, distributors and so on. Murdoch was obviously unable to take being spanked with his own riding crop. Of course this behaviour ensured that we would continue with the series. After all, there was a lot more dirt where this lot came from.

The New Of The World "Animal's Room": The recent book on the history of the News of the World, "150 Years: the News of the World Story" by Cyril Bainbridge and Roy Stockdill, proudly names all the stalwart soldiers who have battled to save public morals and expose the sleazy side of the life. The only thing the authors did not mention was that at one time or another, pretty well everyone they have named was at it themselves. It refers to ex-editor Barry Askew in derogatory terms about his relationship with the ghastly woman Sonia Sutcliffe, but it falls short of mentioning that he took her to The New Of The World "Animal's Room" on a regular basis every time she came to the office. It was here that she would give him a blow job during "sensitive negotiations".

The "Animal's Room" was upstairs in the old Bouverie Street office and had been set aside as a den for anyone to sleep after a later shift when they could not get home but in reality it was a permanent bordello. In more generous times, pre-Murdoch, there had been a similar suite permanently reserved for similar purposes at the Strand Palace Hotel within easy walking distance of the office. Rupert, however, soon got to know about the indiscretions and cancelled the facility.

Gobbling: The "Animal Room" was my idea but all I had done was move the sleaze into the hallowed building itself.

Central to all the indiscretions was Tina Dalgliesh, a former secretary who had, literally, gobbled her way to the top and become an 'ace' reporter on the feature's desk. She very nearly lived in the "Animal's Room", and there were very few staffers, from Deputy Editor Phil Wrack downwards, who had not had their flies undone.

A senior executive, Stuart Kuttner, had a different predilection. He not only liked to dress up a woman, but he was an uncontrollable voyeur who, dressed up and fully made up, would haunt the brothels of Shepherd's Market.

I often used to screw Rosanne, secretary to the controversial and foulmouthed Kelvin McKenzie, Rosanne claimed that Kelvin "didn't seem to know what to do with it", even, apparently, when it was exposed under his desk. Using his brother's name, Craig McKenzie got into the act, even at one stage with Mike Parker (former Features Editor at the Daily Star). In full view of everyone they used to do a "double gobble" with two of Toni's whores.

Whores Galore: I remember a notorious party I threw at my home in Mercers Road, Islington. With the promises of hoards of whores, just about everyone on the News of the World turned up. I did not let them down. Features supremo, Rod Tyler, "good friend" of Caroline Thatcher, did a free floorshow by bonking a girl called Jean Leyland on a sofa. He 'paid' me by signing a docket for two shifts - £140 at the time.

Upstairs, Gerry-can Brown had ignored the ten top call girls supplied by me from Toni's Club and settled for the faithful Tina Dalgliesh. In the next bedroom veteran reporter Ray Chapman was doing it the wrong way up with Rosalie Shan, the "fashion" editor who had become quite used to office customs.

Even one of the authors of the "150 Years: the News of the World Story" book, Roy Stockdill (who ended up as news editor of the sanctimonious Screws) was at it with one of Toni's girls.

The News of the World has gone now, never to be seen again. It was an institution for 168 years. Every time you read of an orgy you would know that the article had been written by the world's greatest experts on the subject. Vintage Presbyterian Rupert Murdoch has been sent a copy of this present book in the hopes he might buy it for a SKY TV mini-series.

Carbon Tetrachloride: One day Ray Chapman called me to the hospital where his wife lay near to death. Chapman was beside himself with grief and could not stop sobbing. "You've got to get up there," he told me. "I'm desperate. I don't know what to do. Judy is dying".

Of course I rushed to the hospital where I found Chapmen almost demented. Still sobbing he spluttered out his story. Michael, a tramp who Chapman had used on various stories, had been given the job of cleaning the Chapman's bath.

Michael had bought a cleaning solvent called carbon-tetrachloride, telling Chapman a cock and bull story about it being a date-rape drug. He claimed that if a girl sniffed the substance she would go into an immediate sexual high. Chapman couldn't wait to try it out on his unsuspecting wife.

That night they wined and dined and he plied her with drink. Then they went to bed and Chapman admitted, "I screwed her just about every way possible". In the morning however, Judy did not wake up and Chapman became worried. He eventually called an ambulance and she was rushed to hospital where she was declared "in a state of emergency". Unless they knew what the trouble was, the doctors told him, she might die.

Chapman knew that if he told them the truth he would be arrested. So he despatched me to his home to remove the evidence. Chatman told the doctors that his wife had been cleaning the carpet with this toxin. The doctors quite literally clutched her from the jaws of death in the nick of time and she gradually recovered.

Wrack's Little Baby: One of the favourite stories to do the rounds at the time was when Deputy Editor, Phil Wrack became acting editor, pending a new appointment. Wrack had a reputation for being both a seasoned drinker and an outrageous flirt. He would most certainly not have survived today's mood of so-called political correctness.

His long-term secretary was called Angela Mulligan and she was summoned into the editor's office after Wrack had been on a lengthy binge. She found him standing in front of his desk with his trousers around his ankles and everything on display. He chased her round the room three times before she could escape, chanting, "Get your lips around this Angie".

"I was terrified", she later told stunned staffers in the Printer's Pie. "His tool was as large as a baby's arm holding an orange".

Anal Fixated Craig McKenzie: Poor Craig had contracted herpes by going with a prostitute (supplied by me) called Diane. Craig had apparently asked, not for the proverbial "blow job" so favoured by so many staffers, but that she should lick his private parts including his anus. She apparently obliged, but later told me that she would prefer not having to service McKenzie again.

Craig McKenzie became a senior editorial executive at the Daily Express under Sir Nicholas Lloyd who, despite his humble beginnings, was knighted by Thatcher for his services to the Tory party. While Lloyd did spend a long period as Feature's Editor at the Screws, it is not suggested that he had any inkling of what his underlings were doing. But perhaps he should have known.

Bribed: My former fellow culprit, Ray Chapman, accepted a £25,000 bribe from a well known villain after Chapman was going to expose him for murder. He used the money to buy a flat in North London.

When I left the paper in the mid 1990s I received a golden handshake of £10,000, a glowing reference from the then editor, Derek Jameson and another £10.000 to keep my mouth shut.

Much Bonking On My Boat: My sex boat, permanently moored in St. Catherine's dock, was well Known to Rupert. On one occasion Rod Tyler and Carole Thatcher had a pleasant afternoon on board!!

Ian Cutler's sex boat in St. Catherine's dock, well Known to Rupert.
Rod Tyler and Carole Thatcher had a pleasant afternoon on board!!

Friends on board Ian's boat.

Suicide: Later on a young lady who had been a constant visitor to the now notorious Animal's Room became pregnant. She managed to convince Parker the child was his. Low and behold, Craig McKenzie was invited to be the best man and of course, I took the wedding photographs. Parker had absolutely no idea that his bride had visited the Animals Room so often with me.

As with many of these sordid tales, this one has a sad ending which goes over and above the general sleaze. After the wedding the lady wanted to get a gas cooker on hire-purchase and made an agreement with the company pretending she was the wife of Ray Chapman who had a much higher credit rating.

When she could not pay the bills the company moved in on Chapman and he reported the lady to the police who subsequently charged her. Unable to face the impending disaster she committed suicide.

Chapter 8 - Mistakes For Which I Am Truly Sorry

DEAD - 2nd September 1975 - I took the photographs and a reporter called Colin Frost did the story. Robin Shields was a superintendent for the ambulance service in Belfast during the day, but by night he was an active protestant wearing combat garb and tracking IRA members.

Robin Shields allowed me to take photographs of him on the condition that none of them would be published. Due to a mix up, all the photographs ended up in the hands of the Evenings Standard. I told the paper “You can’t use the ones which show Mr. Shield’s connections with the Protestants.”

Ian Cutler as a young freelance
for the Evening Standard, The Sun, The Mirror,
Daily Telegraph and The Times amongst others.

I was a very young man at the time and rather naïve. I did not realise that the paper wouldn’t keep its word. All the photographs were used, exposing Mr. Shields, who was promptly assassinated the following weekend.

I wound like to say sorry.

Bays Transport Motel, Liverpool Road, Islington, London - There were six dead after a fire caused by an arsonist. I persuaded the policeman on site to let me photograph the bodies being removed from the building, showing their identities. I would like to say sorry.

Fish Shop Murder 13th March 1975 - I persuaded the police officer on duty to pose for a photograph with the corps, without consent from the victim’s family. I am sorry about this.

Welsh Hills Picnic Party - In order to expose “sex orgies” on a caravan site, Tina Dalgleish and I went off to the Breacon Beacons where we expected to find a wife-swapping group we learned of via contact magazine advert. However there was no action and no real story to tell. Indeed apart from the two reporters and the couple who placed the advertisement, only one other person turned up. In the absence of anything interesting to report, Tina decided they should fake some action. No sex actually took place at all.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

C535 Join our Welsh Hills picnic party for remote rural rambles and shining summer scenes. Pub. Social meeting first ... S. Wales

ARNOLD'S advert

IF YOU GO DOWN IN THE WOODS TODAY, YOU'RE SURE OF A BIG SURPRISE

IT ALL began when maths teacher Arnold Lewis decided to organise a naughty party in the woods.

He put an advertisement in the contact magazine Readers' Wives, saying:

Pix IAN CUTLER

PICNICKERS: Arnold Lewis (centre) with Maggie and her husband Alan

By TINA DALGLEISH

Stockings

Arnold Lewis the victim of the story and so-called wife swapping party arranger was a lay preacher. When Dalgleish told him who they really were he said he'd commit suicide if it 'ever came out'. I reported this to features editor Rod Tyler who got straight on the phone to Murdoch whose office was upstairs. Rod was getting redder and redder.

When, after about three minutes, he put the phone down I asked Rod what Rupert had said. Rod replied that Murdoch had sworn at him and ranted "run it, run it, run it !!!".

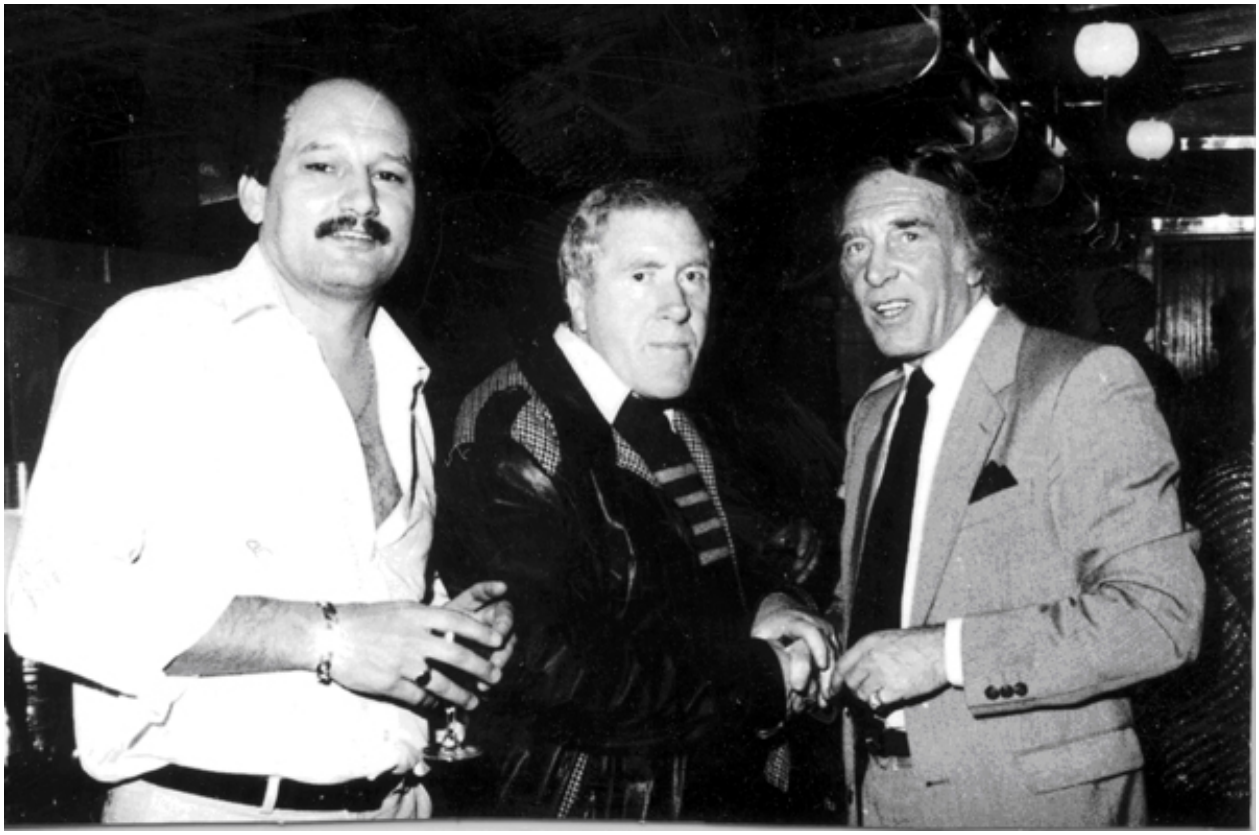
The false story appeared as a Splash on the front page of the News of the World the following weekend.

The next day the man topped himself.

Maggie and Alan, the preacher's friends, took the News of the World to court, but this action failed. They later produced a play all about this story and its impact on the lives involved.

I would like to say SORRY. - Rupert didn't!

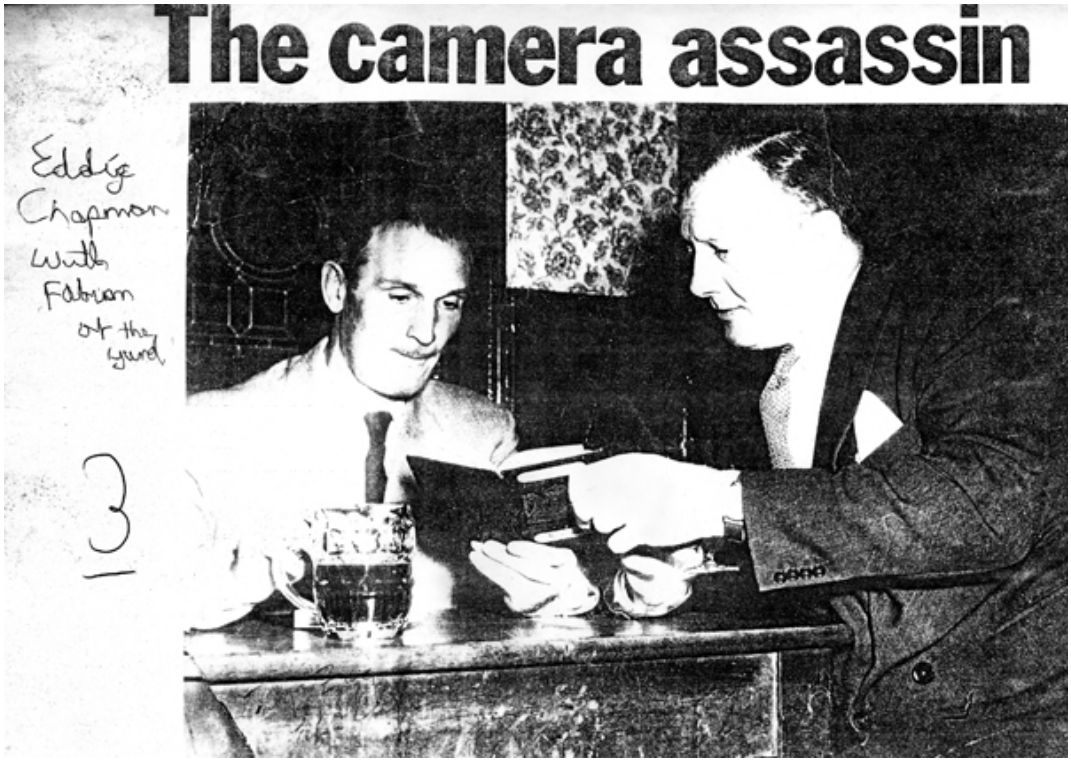
Chapter 9 - I Met Them All, Celebs and Villains Alike



From left to right: Ian Cutler, Par FlannIgan and Charlie Kray - Friends of Rupert

Annie Robinson of the Weakest Link TV show, a good friend.

Ian with John, Anne's husband



Eddie Chapman (left) with Fabian of the Yard (right), who (according to Eddie) was bent. This photo was taken a few years before Rupert's time

The Great Train Robbers with Ian Cutler (front row, 3rd from right).

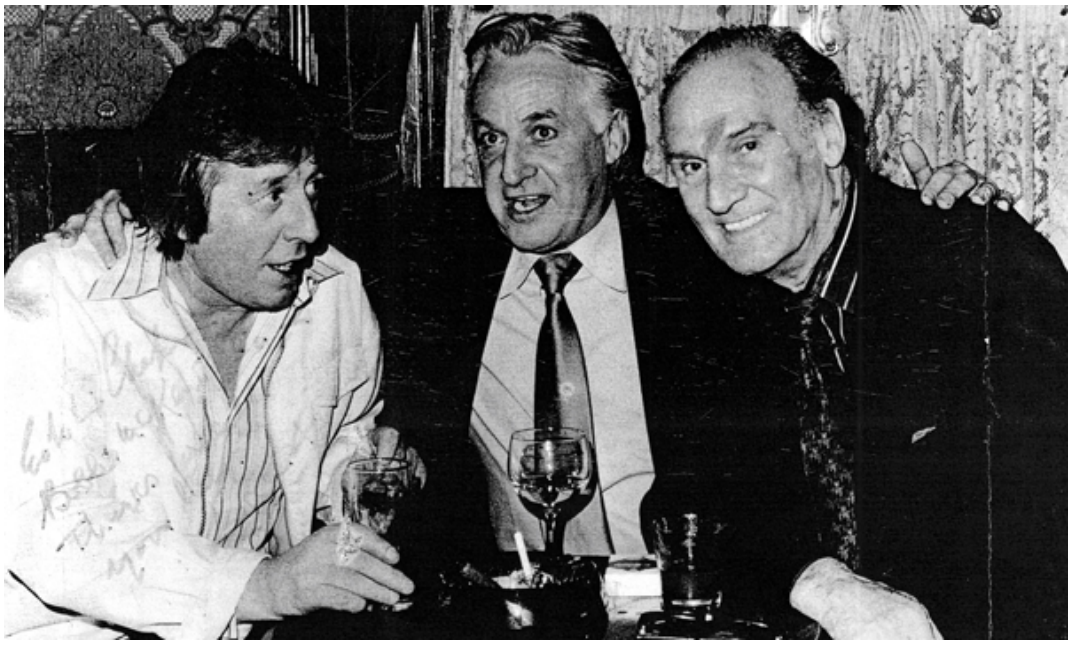


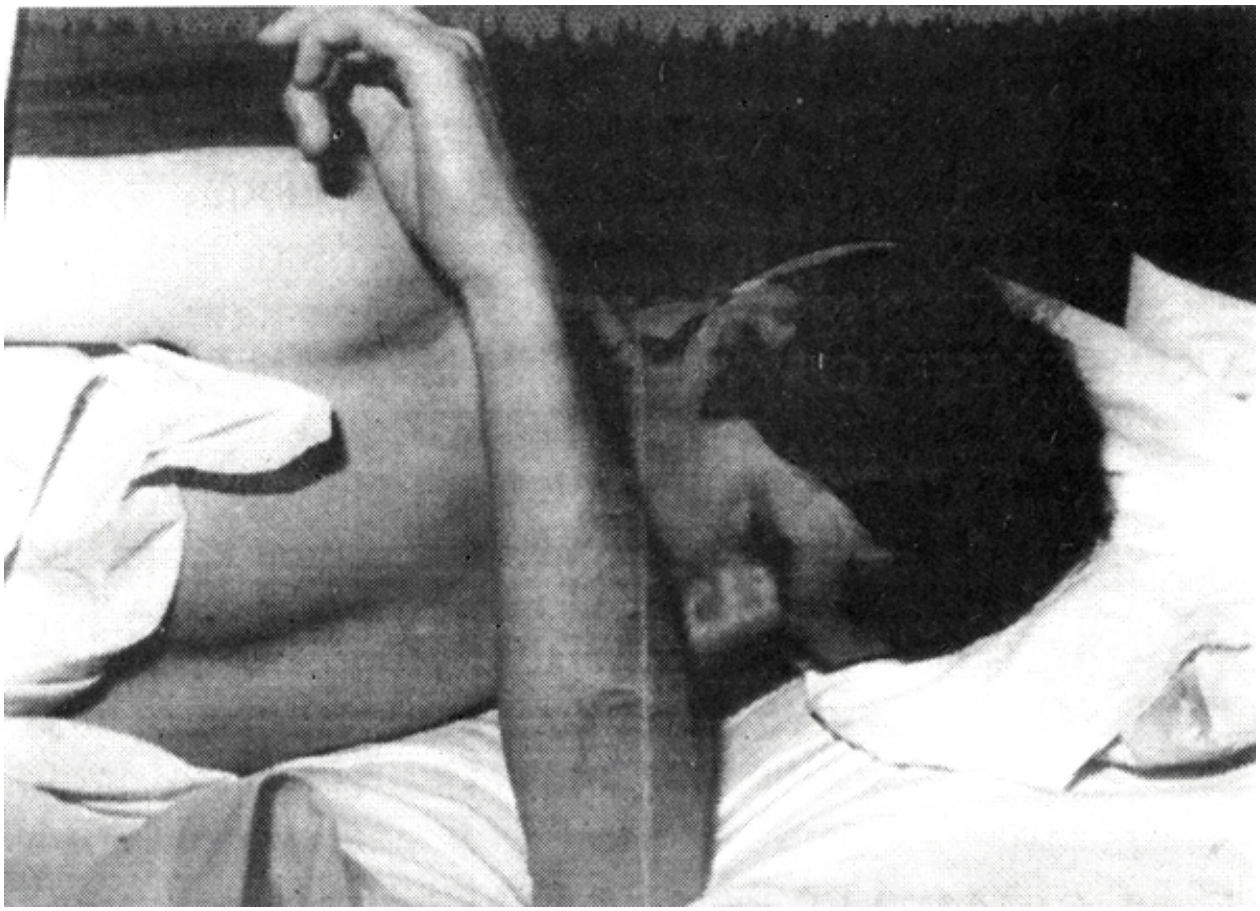
Photo from left to right: the late Dermot Harris (brother of the late actor Richard Harris),
Bobby Mckew (former employee of the late gangster Billy Hill)
and on the right the one and only late Eddie Chapman

Photo by Ian Cutler

Chapter 10 - My Post-Murdoch Enterprises

Scallywag magazine was published in London between 1991 and 1995. The subtitle of issues 1 - 6 was "Camden's only alternative community magazine". It sought to publish controversial journalism which other satirical and investigative publications (such as Private Eye) would not publish due to fear of litigation. It was founded and edited by Simon Regan and myself. We published about 30 issues and even sold some stories to News of the World.

One story involved Norman Scott who had been the homosexual lover to the former leader of the Liberal Party, Jeremy Thorpe. At least Scott claimed to have had a love affair with Thorpe. This was at a time when homosexual acts were illegal in Britain and the whole mess damaged his political career. John Penrose introduced me to Scott. We arranged to meet in the St. Pancras Hotel and I pretended to be a gay man looking for a lover. I made out I was going to fuck him and when he got undressed I whipped my camera out. He was not a happy bunny.



Ian Cutler's photo of Norman Scott, Jeremy Thorpe's ex-lover

In 1993 we were sued for libel by the then Prime Minister, John Major, because we had reported rumours that he had had an affair with Conservative minister Edwina Currie. By also suing the magazine's distributors, he received a settlement from them, and they passed the costs onto the magazine. Scallywag's financial position never recovered. We lost the case and our magazine went bust!

Paradoxically Mrs. Currie later admitted to the affair in her diaries which were published in 2002 and serialised in the Times newspaper. Mr. Major described the affair as the most shameful event of his life, but said his wife Norma had long known of the relationship and had forgiven him.

Private Spy: In 1982 me and former News of the World reporter John Duggan launched Private Spy. It was a video series sold through video libraries. We made a nice few quid out of it.

CUTLER FRONTLINES

VIDEO SPY?

Britain's latest publishing venture, a video 'magazine' series entitled *Private Spy,* **and described by its makers as 'a more explicit** *News of the World* **on camera', will be launched this month amid chequered publicity. The producers have already landed themselves in the police cells during the filming of one of their more outrageous 'stories' — prostitutes on location with their clients in King's Cross.** *Time Out* **investigations now link a company film director with an alleged massive £2 million video pirating racket.**

Ian Cutler breaks into new fields.

SuperDad John Knight, 'Agony Uncle' for 'Private Spy', meets super video pirate, John Duggan.

Ian Cutler, 37, a 'snatch' cameraman with the *News of the World,* had a reputation for working stories which 'no decent photographer would do'. Off duty, he was equally outrageous, once gaoled for five years for allegedly firebombing a Chinese restaurant after a drunken argument with the manager. It was a charge of which, to this day, he claims he was 'fitted up' by the police. Yet he has a knack of turning his misfortunes to advantage.

In Parkhurst, he befriended the Krays well enough to subsequently secure the exclusive video rights to Ma Violet Kray's funeral which earned him £30,000. Paid off by the Sunday paper to the tune of £10,000, his next enterprise, *Private Spy,* an audio-visual peeping Tom he plans to market through Britain's 40,000 retail outlets, was a natural progression, as natural as his association with film director John Duggan who shares Cutler's talent for unorthodox ways of coining it.

Cutler describes Duggan as 'a mine of video technical know-how', hardly surprising considering that police who raided his 'office' in West Green Road, Tottenham, last May discovered a £2 million pirate video laboratory, consisting of U-matic masters of 94 films, 116 videos, and 24 VCRs linked to 4 recorders — enough equipment for 'a 24-hour duplicating operation', according to Mr Platts Mills, representing the Motion Picture Export Association of America who were granted an interlocutory injunction against Duggan to stop it.

But he hasn't stopped it, according to MPEAA solicitors. They told *Time Out* this week: 'We've applied for Duggan's committal to prison because of his contempt of the injunction — but we can't find him. If you know where he is, we'd surely appreciate your help.'

They need look no further than the headquarters of *Private Spy,* in a semi-detached at Mercer's Road, Tufnell Park. 'John Duggan?', said Cutler when I phoned him, 'He's downstairs . . . he's one of our directors, film directors. He's a good operator and we gave him a job'.

In fact, Cutler and Duggan have been working closely on the first hour-long edition of the video magazine; indeed, it was their co-operation on 'Punter Hunter', a ten-minute slot in which viewers compete to identify men filmed going with prostitutes, which landed both men in court recently, charged with a breach of the peace.

'We film punters picking up the girls, film the car as we follow it to wherever they park themselves, then we come in with the lights, camera and stick a microphone under their nose and say' "Excuse me sir, what do you think about this shocking burglary at the Palace?" A sort of off-beat interview'.

Filming hit a snag when, as they claimed in court, one of the punters turned out to be an off-duty policeman.

'We were hidden in the bushes in a car park off York Way, or Rubber Alley, as it's called, when in comes a Q-car, a blue Avenger, two aerials, with two quite blatant plain-clothes officers in the front. One got out, got in the back and got himself a blow-job," recounted Cutler with disarming frankness.

'When we filmed him, he was only wearing a pair of socks and a Durex . . . he tried to do a runner until he realised he had no trousers on. But within ten minutes they sent the bloody cabaret out . . . the entire King's Cross police station arrived!'

Later, languishing in the police cells for 20 hours, Cutler claimed a policeman said to him: "You bastards. You think you're going to get away with this. What you did to one of our blokes in the car park.' To this day, the incriminating video is still with police, together with a Land Rover, four tapes containing £3,000 worth of work and two CB radios, for which Cutler and Co are suing the police.

The rest of *Private Spy's* dubious charms includes the man with 20 kids and two wives who sprints from house to house over Bodmin Moor producing children, as its Agony uncle and an exposé of *Time Out.*

"We're exposing the Lonely Hearts conmen. We are using *Time Out.* We have found that most of them are conmen and we're exposing them. We have got one chap who advertises in *TO* as a respectable, professional, business gent, 6 foot, single, looking for a lady with interests of art, theatre and music, and he's fucked 36 birds off of it and we're turning him over . . ." *Paul Charman*

Time Out's *advertising department reply: Our Lonely Hearts advertisers go through legal and our own strict vetting before we pass them for publication.*

Each week there are more than 200 Lonely Hearts in Time Out *and even with our procedures there are inevitably a few that occasionally slip through the nets, as the above reference indicates. However, they could still only find four from the many hundreds of genuine people these pages help.*

Private Spy
INTRODUCED BY PAT MOONEY
WOULD YOU LIKE THIS YOUTH LEADER TO TEACH YOUR CHILD?
WE LIFT THE LID OFF CENTRAL LONDON'S VICE NETWORK 'SPOT THE PUNTER'
Private Spy
INTRODUCED BY REGINALD BOSANQUET
Private Spy
PRESENTED BY REGINALD BOSANQUET
NEWS OF THE WORLD
BENT COPPERS McVICAR ACCUSES
McVICAR

Snippets from “Private Spy” one of Ian’s ventures.

We employed Reggie Bosanquet as the anchor man for this video series. In 1983 he got into a bit of a stew when he was accused of fronting a sexy video for us. As well as working for Private Spy he was also rector of Glasgow University and a number of students complained. Reggie, to his credit, hit back by saying "I may be rector but that doesn't mean the students can rule my life". Reggie wasn't guilty of anything. It wasn't porn anyway, it was journalism and university students should be well enough educated to know the difference.

PORN ROW REGGIE LASHES OUT

'Video none of your business'

By WENSLEY CLARKSON

FORMER TV newsman Reggie Bosanquet slammed students in a wrangle over a soft-por[illegible]m.

The students v[illegible] him sacked from the prestige post of Lord Chancellor of their university because he fronted the sexy video.

But the controversial ex-News at Ten presenter hit back: "They should mind their own bloody business.

Vice world

"I don't judge them by their morals so they've no right to pass judgment on mine."

The video at the centre of the row probes the world of vice and scandal.

Reggie is featured in familiar newscasting poses as he introduces items featured on the video.

Tapes so far released have shown prostitutes with clients in parked cars.

Other items include: "Sex change pin-up model reveals all," and "spectacular drugs and sex allegations by lord's maid."

Last week students at Glasgow University urged their students' council to axe Reggie. I[illegible]d the council voted to be less involved with him. "I may be rector but that doesn't mean that the students can rule my life," he said.

Sipping a glass of his favourite French white wine at his home in Chelsea, London, Reggie then told me why he agreed to take part in the video.

"It seems a bit unfair to call it a sex film, but I have to admit there are a number of unsavoury scenes.

"Actually I thought it was a bit of fun and I wouldn't let this fuss put me off agreeing to do similar projects." He added with a wry smile: "In any case I was paid a very handsome fee!"

Private Spy, the makers of the film, even allowed Reggie to express—on camera—his distaste at one of the items featuring Norman Scott, the man who caused the downfall of former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe.

As rector of the university Reggie travels to Scotland once a month to talk to staff and students.

"If they want me to quit as rector they'll have to sack me," he said.

Reggie—front man

ANDY'S MEN MISS OUT

PRINCE Andrew's shipmates have been priced out of the fun in Caribbean nightspots.

While HMS Invincible rests for 10 days in Barbados Andrew is expected to meet up with girlfriend Koo Stark.

But many hard-up seamen will be stuck on Invincible—because they cannot afford to go out.

A special Naval allowance is supposed to make up for the pound's low value in some foreign ports.

The junior ratings get only £1.35 a day. In the bars and discos around the island capital Bridgetown a small beer costs £3 or more.

INFLATION UP

BRITAIN'S inflation rate has nudged slightly over 5 per cent from last month's 13-year-low of 4.9 per cent.

Bent Coppers and Missing Bullion: In the 1960s a notorious criminal, John McVicar (born 1940), was convicted for armed robber and given a 23-year gaol sentence. While in prison he took an Open University degree in Sociology and was awarded a BSc first class. After his release from prison in 1978 he studied for a postgraduate degree at the University of Leicester.

In 1983 McVicar worked with Private Spy to produce a video documentary exposing bent police officers. The investigation revolved around an armed gang who held up a security van on its way to Tilbury Docks. They got away with 321 silver ingots.

The police received a tip off that the bars were hidden in a lockup in Southgate, north London. I went along to take photos. McVicar was able to point the finger at three men, a senior police officer, a wealthy businessman and a prominent solicitor. The News of the World also ran the story.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

MAY 22, 1983 — BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLING SUNDAY NEWSPAPER — No. 7,272 PRICE 25p

6 RAF crew die in coach horror

SIX British airmen were killed yesterday in a horror coach crash in West Germany.

Another 29 were injured, 15 seriously, when the bus taking them on a sight-seeing trip plunged off a road in the picturesque Black Forest.

The victims were all from the RAF's 41 Squadron, which flies Jaguar fighters out of RAF Coltishall, near Norwich.

They were on a 14-day Nato exchange visit to the Canadian Air Force base at Soellingen, near Stuttgart.

The dead are believed to include some pilots.

The coach careered off the road on a curve and plunged 50ft down a bank, crashing into trees and landing upside down.

And last night the only woman aboard, RAF Corporal Vanessa Winterburn, 24, described the horror from her hospital bed in Karlsruhe.

"The brakes failed," said Vanessa, a photograph interpreter at Coltishall.

Screaming

"The driver got round one bend, but you could see he wasn't going to make the next.

"We were doing about 60 mph when we crashed. I think I lost consciousness. Everyone was screaming.

BENT COPPERS —McVICAR ACCUSES

What happened to the missing bullion?

EXCLUSIVE

by TREVOR KEMPSON
Pix IAN CUTLER

REFORMED arch-criminal John McVicar has turned "detective" in an amazing bid to root out police corruption.

The one-time bank robber and Public Enemy No 1 has helped produce a shattering video documentary he claims will rock Scotland Yard.

McVicar, now a writer and lecturer on criminology, spent six months on his "bent coppers" probe.

And this weekend, he and a team of investigators and film-makers were putting the final touches to the documentary, which points the finger at three men. They are:

A SENIOR policeman below the rank of commander who has been involved in numerous major robbery cases where millions in loot was netted.

A WEALTHY London businessman who has long been the subject of inquiries by the Yard's intelligence squad.

A PROMINENT solicitor who has represented many top criminals.

Central subject of the video, made by a company called Private Spy, is the £32 million silver bullion robbery in London three years ago.

McVICAR — Detective

INGOTS

An armed gang held up the guards of a security van on its way to Tilbury Docks.

They stole 321 silver ingots destined for East Germany.

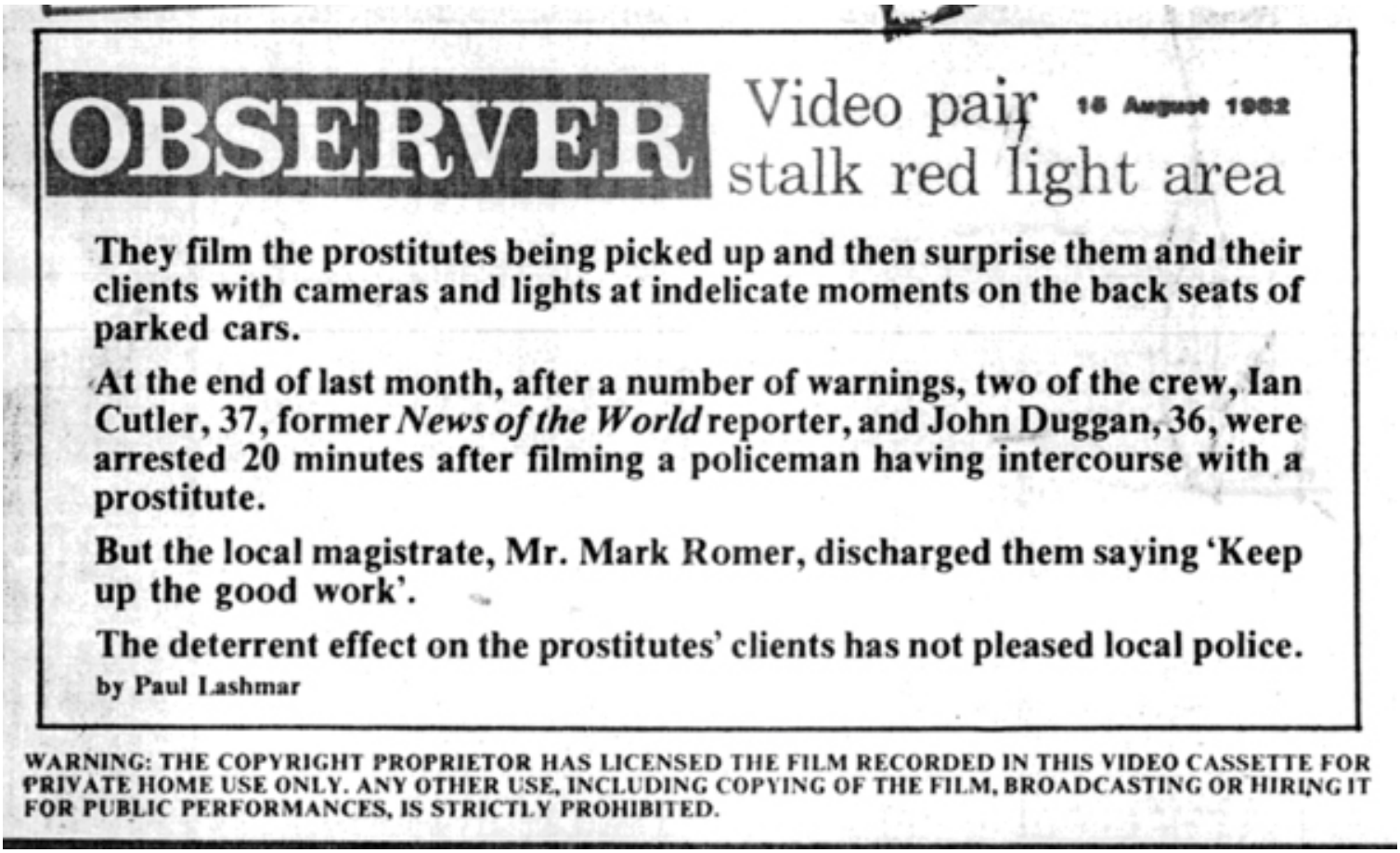
Members of the Yard's robbery squad later arrested two men who tipped them off that the bars were hidden in a lock-up garage in Southgate, North London.

McVicar, 42, who earned his Public Enemy title while on the run after escaping from Parkhurst prison, Isle of Wight, in 1966, said: "I was approached by a man who knew I had connections in the underworld.

"He asked me if I knew anyone who could help him get rid of the bullion. I said I knew a few people who might be interested.

"I was then approached by a man who said he was a police officer.

Police Officers Oral Sex With Prostitutes: On one occasion in 1982, John Duggan and me took some video footage of an on-duty copper skewing a whore in the back of an unmarked police car. Needless to say the police were not happy about being caught out and within just 20 minutes of taking the video we were arrested. Next morning in Clerkenwell Magistrates Court, Magistrate Mark Romer threw the case out telling us to "Keep up the good work". Nevertheless we did not get off scot free. During our night in the cells we had the crap kicked out of us. Shortly afterwards I had my stroke, effectively ending my career as a photo-journalist.



OBSERVER

Video pair stalk red light area

16 August 1982

They film the prostitutes being picked up and then surprise them and their clients with cameras and lights at indelicate moments on the back seats of parked cars.

At the end of last month, after a number of warnings, two of the crew, Ian Cutler, 37, former *News of the World* reporter, and John Duggan, 36, were arrested 20 minutes after filming a policeman having intercourse with a prostitute.

But the local magistrate, Mr. Mark Romer, discharged them saying 'Keep up the good work'.

The deterrent effect on the prostitutes' clients has not pleased local police.

by Paul Lashmar

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I sued the police for the return of my private property seized in the arrest. This consisted of three video cassettes, one of which showed the policeman having sex with the prostitute, my notebooks, a C.B. radio and my beloved land Rover car. The magistrate this time was John Purcell. He ordered the police to return all of my property except the car, saying that because of its value I would have to apply to the County Court. The police deigned having the embarrassing video.

THE Sun

Video man seeks return of 'police car sex' film

The director of a company making Private Spy video films asked Clerkenwell magistrates' court in London yesterday to order police to return a cassette which, he claimed, shows a police officer having sex with a prostitute in an unmarked police car.

Mr Ian Cutler, of Upper Holloway, north London, summoned the police for the return of property, including three video films, some notebooks, CB radios and a Land-Rover.

The magistrate, Mr John Purcell, ordered the return of all items in police possession, except the Land-Rover, which, he said, was a matter for the county court.

Mr Cutler, aged 37, managing director of the video company, told the court that police claimed that only one video remained in their custody instead of three.

He said: "Two of them contain material we shot in the King's Cross area, and one is a police officer in an unmarked police car receiving oral sex from a prostitute."

The police representative, a Mr Brodie, said only two cassettes had been in police custody. One had been returned and one had been kept.

The retained video was the subject of a police investigation and other contents might become an exhibit in proceedings alleging impersonation of police officers, he said.

Mr Brodie said the Land-Rover was not registered in the name of Mr Cutler, or of his film director, Mr John Duggan, aged 36. But it had not been stolen.

My friend Eddie Chapman helped me win a later case where I sued the Metropolitan Police for beating me up. I met Eddie while in my 30s. Eddie had been a double agent in the Second World War and Christopher Plumber had played his part in the 1966 film, Triple Cross. Eddie had a farm where I went for rehabilitation following my stroke. Eddie bought his friend, ex-judge Sir Lionel Thompson. The judge was Mars-Jones and I won a very large sum of money.

Eddie Chapman

My Journalism Career Was Over so I opened a pub, the Cap't Cutler's, just off Fleet Street. It was very popular with journalists, snappers and editors. One day the mob came in and demanded fifty grand. I refused to pay so they burnt it down with me inside. I barely escaped. Then to top it all the insurance company refused to pay out because I had had a conviction for arson many years ago.

Ian's London Pub

Chapter 11 - Murdoch and BSkyB

British Sky Broadcasting Group plc (BSkyB), trading as Sky, is the leading British satellite broadcasting, broadband and telephony services company. It was formed in 1990 by the merger of Sky Television and British Satellite Broadcasting. Murdoch's News Corporation owns a 39.14 percent controlling stake in the company.

The News Corporation's takeover bid for BSkyB was a proposed takeover of British Sky Broadcasting (BSkyB) by News Corporation, the media conglomerate of Rupert Murdoch. The bid was launched in June 2010,

Dr. John Vincent Cable (born 9 May 1943) is a British Liberal Democrat politician who was dissatisfied with the Tory - Lib Dem coalition. In December 2010 undercover reporters from The Daily Telegraph, posing as constituents, set up a meeting with Cable. During the meeting Vince Cable told them that he had "declared war" on Murdoch (these comments were not published Telegraph report but were leaked to BBC journalist Robert Peston). Following this revelation Cable had his responsibility for media affairs (including ruling on Murdoch's takeover plans) withdrawn from his role as Business Secretary. These duties then passed to Jeremy Hunt.

Jeremy Richard Streynsham Hunt (born 1 November 1966) is the UK Secretary of State for Culture, Olympics, Media and Sport. He was much more sympathetic to Murdoch's takeover bid than Cable had been. Everything was looking good for Rupert, until .....

The blow came in July 2011 with a series of devastating revelations of the hacking of the phones News of the World reporters. Details of the activities, especially regarding the paper's hacking into the voicemail of murder victim Milly Dowler, sparked widespread outrage against News Corporation. In the face of a planned motion in the House of Commons calling on News Corporation to abandon the bid, Murdoch acquiesced and withdrew the bid. However News Corporation held on to its existing 39.1% stake.

In July 2011 The News of the World finally gave up the fight and closed (see next chapter). Yet even in its grave, scandal continued to hound this sordid paper. in April 2012 explosive emails were released showing that Jeremy Hunt had schemed with the Murdochs in an attempt to help them win the BSkyB deal. I wonder what may have induced him to commit such an outrageous breach of his public duties. Murdoch has deep pockets. Whatever the payoff was, instead of properly scrutinising the deal, the emails show that Hunt had set up a secret back door to feed information to Murdoch's News Corporation,

The Leveson Inquiry - On 13th July 2011 Prime Minister David Cameron appointed Lord Justice Leveson as Chairman of a public inquiry with a remit to look into the specific claims about phone hacking at the News of the World, the initial police inquiry and allegations of illicit payments to police by the press, and a second inquiry to review the general culture and ethics of the British media. I have been called to give evidence at this enquiry. Look out for Camera Assassin 4 where I will bring you up to date.

Chapter 12 - The Final Demise of the News of the World

As I have shown in this book, The News of the World had always been a dirty newspaper, especially since Murdoch took it over. Lies, double standards, sleaze and dirty tricks had been its stock in trade.

Then starting in 2006 allegations of phone hacking began to engulf the newspaper. These culminated in the revelation on 4th July 2011 that, nearly a decade earlier, a private investigator hired by the newspaper had intercepted and deleted the voicemail of missing British teenager Milly Dowler, who was later found murdered. However, a Scotland Yard spokesperson admitted at the Leveson Inquiry that it had not been a private investigator who had deleted Dowler's voicemail.

Due to the public backlash, the withdrawal of advertising and maybe my own revelations too, News International announced the closure of the News of the World on 7th July 2011.

The scandal deepened when the paper was alleged to have hacked into the phones of families of British service personnel killed in action. Senior figures on the newspaper were questioned by police. Former editor Andy Coulson and former News of the World royal editor Clive Goodman were arrested on 8th July 2011. The former executive editor Neil Wallis was arrested on 15th July and former editor Rebekah Brooks was arrested on 17th July.

You enjoyed this book now own the video !!!